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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

NO longer able to pretend that political and financial scandals only occur in foreign countries, the British public may now more safely congratulate itself on honestly exposing them when they cannot be hidden. The Budget leakage having been judicially investigated will be debated in Parliament and then put out of mind as soon as possible. We may not, however, yet be at the end of the business. A question might well be asked in the House of Commons about the allegations in the American paper *Time*, which often contains information overlooked in this country, that a leakage occurred over the British Government's guarantee of the Newfoundland bonds three years ago. The allegation has been neatly cut out with scissors from the copies of *Time* available on bookstalls in this country; but it has been made, names have been mentioned, and it should be investigated.

Haile Selassie

On Wednesday Haile Selassie arrived in England. He was not given the official welcome that dethroned monarchs have often been accorded in this country; that would have been too rude to Mussolini. But he was met at Waterloo by a great congress of people which included a number of well-known public figures. The crowd was mostly composed of ordinary London citizens who wanted to show their respect and regret. A large number of Negroes were present and on the best of terms with the rest of the crowd. The Emperor's visit rouses feelings of shame here. But the possibility that anything can or will be done to help him or his country becomes increasingly remote.

Sanctions

No hint has yet been given of the policy which the British Government intends to put forward when the League Council meets again on June 16th. The smaller Powers meanwhile have been showing justifiable signs of anxiety. Many of them have suffered serious economic loss owing to the imposition of sanctions, and after making these sacrifices they are naturally eager to discover how much can be saved from the wreck. They fear that, if the fate of the League is to be decided by a private agreement between France and Great Britain, their own interests will suffer, and there is probably considerable support for the Argentine Government's demand that the Assembly should meet at the same time as the Council. Representatives of the Scandinavian countries and the Dominions are protesting their continued faith in the League system. But many of the smaller nations appear to be resigning themselves to their fate of living in a world where might is accepted as right, and soon they may be looking away from Geneva to particular alliances with powerful neighbours. In this country Mr. Lloyd George's

Council of Action has revealed itself less ready to accept failure. In a comprehensive programme it advocates the intensification of sanctions against Italy, and the strengthening of the League by regional mutual assistance pacts after Italy "has submitted the question of Abyssinia to the League." The actual situation is that proposals for a Mediterranean settlement with Mussolini are already prepared; the Government only fears to proceed because of a possible repetition of a revolt of public opinion such as occurred over the Laval-Hoare proposals.

The Trouble in Palestine

The end of the trouble in Palestine is not yet in sight. More British troops have been brought in, but outrages and sporadic fighting continue, and the Arab strike goes on obstinately. The leaders, indeed, boast that they have money to keep it going for another month, and they are trying to intensify it in the municipalities. The Government, on its side, has empowered District Commissioners to enforce under penalties the opening of Arab shops. How effective this measure will prove, we cannot predict. Nor, when peace is at length restored, can we feel very hopeful about the next step. Neither the Jews nor the Arabs like the proposed Royal Commission; both, in fact, have protested against it. Nevertheless, the Mandatory Power has obviously to do something more than act as policeman. It cannot concede the Arab demand for the stoppage of immigration into Palestine; it must, as we have said before, rely on the efforts of Jews and Arabs themselves to establish better relations. On the part of many of the Zionists we believe that these efforts have been genuine and persistent, and it is an error to suppose that the whole of the Arab population is animated by hostility towards the Jews. Has the Palestinian Government been as active as it could and should have been in encouraging the fraternisation of the two peoples, especially in the formation of joint Trade Unions?

Japan and China

It looks as if the Japanese are preparing for another jump in China. A few days ago it was alleged that a Japanese officer was killed in an affray with British soldiers in Peking, and this is believed by some to herald a demand for the withdrawal of the British and the French Legation guards. Now the Cantonese are pressing Nanking to make war on the Japanese invaders, and the result of this demand may easily be a conflict between South and North China. That would presumably suit Japan's book. She would present herself in her familiar role of anti-Communist champion, and she would lose no time in occupying the provinces of Hopei and Chahar, proclaiming them, no doubt, an autonomous unit under Japanese protection. Such a move has indeed been in contemplation for some time past, whatever the Canton Government may say or do. These developments in China will presumably serve to ease the tension on the Soviet frontier, and to relieve, for the moment at any rate, the anxieties of Moscow. Our own view has always been that Japan's prime interest is the conquest of China, and that her sparring in Outer Mongolia has been in the nature of a side-show. The time for the attack on Russia is not just yet.

The French Strikes

The highly original stay-in strikes in the Parisian engineering and motor shops are spreading rapidly to other trades and other centres, notably Lille. Some 80,000 men or more have won their demands, while another 300,000 are awaiting their turn. Negotiations for a collective contract covering the whole metallurgical industry are going on under the retiring Minister of Labour; recognition and the shop-steward principle are already accepted, but the men will insist at least on a 10 per cent. increase in wages and a week's holiday with pay. The strikes seem to have originated in a spontaneous impulse of the rank and file, eager to profit by the electoral victory. But the Trade Unions (in which Socialists and Communists are solidly united) promptly backed the movement. The Socialist Party, which happened to be assembled in Paris in conference, gave its warm blessing. There is, then, no reason whatever to suspect a "wrecking" Communist manœuvre. Doubtless the Communists will insist on the prompt translation into concrete gains, both for workers and peasants, of the People's Front programme, but Léon Blum is not likely to resent or resist such pressure. The only visible difference between the two parties is that the Socialist Conference has frowned on the Communist expedient of local mass organisations, commonly called "soviets".

Belgium in Search of a Government

Cabinet-making in Belgium is not an easy task. Party affiliations cut right across social attitudes. Communists and Socialists form the political Left; but the bourgeois parties, Catholics and Liberals, do not represent definite social forces. The Liberals can perhaps be regarded as pre-eminently the party of Capitalism; but the Catholics include many divergent social tendencies. Now that M. van Zeeland has refused to form a new Government, the divergencies among the Catholics have become far more evident. The Catholics of the Right, under M. de Wiart, have no desire to abet the Socialists in even a mild socialistic policy directed against the financial oligarchy; but, with the Socialists constituting the largest party, and the half-Fascist Rexists and the Nationalist Flemings in irreconcilable opposition, a Catholic-Liberal coalition, opposed by the Socialists, can no longer command a majority. The only alternatives seem to be a new coalition of Catholics, Liberals and Socialists, which is hardly practicable without M. van Zeeland, and a Socialist alliance with the Left Wing of the Catholics. Now that M. Vandervelde also has refused to form a Government, M. de Man seems the obvious leader for such a coalition. But will the Catholics consent to serve under a Socialist, on terms which the Socialists will accept? The Catholics want the Liberals in the Government as a counterpoise to the Socialists; but the Liberals object to serving under a Socialist leader. If these difficulties are surmounted, the motive will be mainly fear of the Rexists. But will a coalition of such disparate forces be able to pursue any coherent policy?

The American Presidency

The Republican nominating convention, meeting in Cleveland this week, cannot fail to exhibit the utter confusion of a once great party. Nothing like it has been known in American politics. Since Mr. Hoover has

formally withdrawn and Senator Borah has the support of only a small group of delegates, the Republicans must make their choice between three or four Middle-Westerners, not one of whom is more than a local politician. The largest body of pre-convention support belongs to Governor Alfred Landon of Kansas, who possesses at least two merits in the eyes of the party bosses—nothing is known against him, and he declines to commit himself upon any important issue. Second as regards general backing is Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, a small-town newspaper owner, whose chances are admittedly better than those of another newspaper candidate, Colonel Frank Knox of the *Chicago Daily News*. The President's supporters have little cause for anxiety over what happens in Cleveland. No American of any account ever wants that office. The Labour vote has been made more than ever certain for Mr. Roosevelt by the latest decision of the Supreme Court, which has decided, by a bare majority of one vote, that the separate States have no right to enact a legal minimum wage. This creates a curious situation. The Republicans have been opposing Mr. Roosevelt largely on the ground that his social legislation is an invasion of " State rights." It now seems that the States have no more power than the Union to infringe the freedom of individual contract; and presumably a number of laws passed by the several States during the past twenty years are all invalid. A common-sense way out of the impasse thus created would seem to be the amendment of the Constitution; but Mr. Roosevelt is not likely to fight on so contentious an issue when he seems certain to win merely by keeping quiet.

Racial Purification

Insistence on the necessity of maintaining the purity of the " Aryan race " still figures as a chief item in the paraphernalia of Nazi philosophy. An article in the *Manchester Guardian* last week reveals that the weapon of sterilisation has now been added to the armoury of expulsion and terror employed so skilfully by the disciples of racial purification. Systematic sterilisation began in the first year of the Hitler regime; two hundred " hereditary health boards " were set up throughout the country; and official figures show that 85,000 sterilisation orders have been issued, seventy-five per cent. of which have been carried into effect. Nazi authorities have themselves stated that more than a million persons in Germany are liable to sterilisation. The law fails to accept any recognised medical standard and leaves wide powers of discretion to the authorities in the different areas. Little attempt is made in some districts to distinguish between mental deficiency and ordinary dullness; " backward " children and " moral defectives " may become the victims of a sterilisation order even if no proof of hereditary disease can be provided. Apparently the medical profession, like the sport organisations and the universities, is forced to conform to the Nazi ideals of " racial purity."

The Indian Peasant and Socialism

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, since the recent session of the Indian National Congress over which he presided, has carried his Socialist teaching to the masses at a series of demonstrations in most of the larger towns. The *Times* correspondent reports with evident glee and some exaggeration the displeasure of the more conservative and propertied elements of Congress. Doubtless he is right in anticipating that these people will reject the advice of Mr. Nehru, if the chance is offered them to form ministries in certain of the Provinces. But this will not settle the main point, which is the future of the peasant, especially in the provinces where landlordism is the rule. We have before us the rather vague and reformist compromise resolution passed on this subject by Congress. It leaves details, properly enough, to the provinces, for conditions differ widely, and enumerates a number of fairly drastic reforms designed to raise the legal and economic status of the peasants. But its preamble calls plainly for a " thorough change of land tenure." That means nothing unless it means the elimination of the functionless and oppressive landlord class. In advocating this solution Mr. Nehru has against him the whole propertied class of India, the British influence and Mr. Gandhi. But the peasants are with him, if he can reach them, and they are the overwhelming mass of the population. Everything turns on the winning of some measure of freedom of speech and organisation for the villages.

In Conference

Whitsuntide has brought with it the usual second crop of conferences. At Geneva, the International Labour Organisation has begun to wrestle with the question of " freedom of association," and as usual the British Government delegate has been playing the part of chief obstructionist, with the hearty support of the employers' group. The object of the Conference is to prepare a draft convention safeguarding the right of Trade Union organisation—obviously a thorny issue in view of the suppression of the Trade Union movements in the Fascist countries and the very limited toleration extended to them in many countries which are not openly Fascist. Of the British organisations which have been in conference this week, much the most important is the Co-operative Union, which has reiterated its protests against the unfair taxation of co-operative surpluses, and also against the principle of " producer-control " embodied in Mr. Elliot's marketing schemes. The Co-operators have also been discussing the terms of their alliance with the Labour Party; and yet another investigation is to be conducted into the work and policy of the Co-operative Party, which is in effect a wing of Labour. The Socialist League, of which Sir Stafford Cripps now ceases to be chairman, has also been discussing its relations to Transport House. It proclaims its continued loyalty to the Labour Party in the role of candid friend, and demands that Transport House still accept the affiliation of the Communist Party in the interests of working-class unity. At the same time, the French Socialists are demanding a joint conference of French, British and Russian Socialists for the purpose of defining a common foreign policy, and insisting that the French Communist Party must take part in such a gathering. This raises an awkward problem for the British Labour Party; can it both collaborate with the French and Russian Communists and refuse to associate with Communists of the domestic brand?

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THE BUDGET LEAKAGE

"It's a cruel verdict," Mr. Thomas is reported to have said, after reading the Report of the Budget Inquiry Tribunal. That surely depends on how you define cruelty. It was certainly a just verdict on the evidence, all the salient points of which are set forth plainly and with scrupulous fairness by Mr. Justice Porter and his colleagues. A good many people, no doubt, were surprised at the definiteness with which Mr. Thomas was condemned. They had expected a verdict of what is known in the Scottish courts as "not proven"—from which everybody would have drawn the one inevitable conclusion, and which would have created an exceedingly difficult political situation alike for Mr. Thomas's friends and his adversaries and himself. It would be impertinent to praise the Tribunal for the skill and candour with which they performed their task. Scandals occur in every country. Under dictatorships graft is the rule; it is universally whispered but never investigated. In this country we may claim, without laying ourselves open to the charge of pharisaism, that a really heinous or notorious scandal does stand a good chance of being promptly shown up and cleared up.

The findings of this Tribunal, however, are not the end of the matter. The "unauthorised disclosure of information" by a Cabinet Minister is not only a grave moral offence, even if it be true that, in this case, it was others and not the offender himself who gained by it. It is also one which renders him liable to prosecution under the Official Secrets Act. Section 2 of that Act provides that

> If any person having in his possession . . . any information . . . which he has obtained owing to his position as a person who holds office under His Majesty . . . communicates the information to any person other than a person to whom he is authorised to communicate it, or a person to whom it is, in the interest of the State, his duty to communicate it . . . that person shall be guilty of a misdemeanour.

The Attorney-General's consent is required for a prosecution and the Law Officers of the Crown will presumably lose no time in considering whether such action is desirable. For ourselves, we doubt whether they will advise in favour of it. The finding of Mr. Justice Porter's Tribunal would not necessarily be confirmed by a jury in a criminal court. The Report in its opening passage points out the peculiar conditions—with no prosecutor, no accused and no definite charge—under which this inquiry was held, and the different conditions, especially as regards the rules of evidence and cross-examination, which would prevail in an ordinary court. Whether Mr. Thomas himself, who still protests his innocence, would welcome the opportunity of appearing in the dock on the chance of clearing himself, is another question, which we do not presume to discuss. But there seems to be a general disposition to say that the punishment he has already had, together with what must almost certainly follow, in the loss of his seat in Parliament and perhaps of his Privy Councillorship as well, is quite enough. With that view we agree, though we do not think it necessary to sentimentalise over the fallen star. One newspaper suggests that public opinion, when the first excitement is over, "will regard the disclosure as an indiscretion, and possibly an unconscious indiscretion." No warrant for such a view will be found in the Report of the Tribunal, with its damning account of the conversation with Sir Alfred Butt at the Colonial Office on the morning of Budget day. Others make a great parade of Mr. Thomas's distinguished public career and of his high political ideals and personal virtues. Most of this is bunkum. Let us by all means give him credit for the service he did long ago in the Trade Union movement, and especially to the railwaymen. But it is ludicrous to pretend that he was a good Minister either in his old Labour days or after 1931, when he showed his "loyalty" and "courage" by joining the great majority in Mr. MacDonald's National Government.

Besides Mr. Thomas there are the other characters in this unsavoury drama. His son Leslie, we are happy to know, is exonerated; he was an innocent tool. His two friends, Mr. Bates and Sir Alfred Butt, were the principal beneficiaries, who made use of the Budget secrets "for their private gain"; and in their transactions at Lloyd's there were implicated a number of minor personages—several of whom are found by the Tribunal to have given false evidence on oath. There might therefore be some prosecutions for perjury, if it were thought worth while. And again if it were thought worth while, Mr. Bates and Sir Alfred Butt might be charged as misdemeanants under the Official Secrets Act, on the ground of their having received information "knowing, or having reasonable ground to believe . . . that the information is communicated to them in contravention of this Act." But we hardly expect to see either of them in the dock. Whether Sir Alfred Butt will be turned out of his parliamentary seat by the electors of Balham and Tooting remains to be seen. The Chairman of the Conservative Association in the constituency told a newspaper representative on Tuesday that he was surprised at the Tribunal's decision, and added that he had "not heard any adverse criticisms of Sir Alfred during these proceedings." But perhaps he was not listening very hard! As for Mr. Bates, he is not a politician, but a newspaper publisher, and his retribution will be waiting for—or perhaps actually getting—that £20,000 autobiography of Mr. Thomas. On this point, by the way, the Tribunal make some caustic remarks. They could not discover that any preparation had been made for writing it, except the collection of books of press cuttings. £15,000 had already been advanced by Mr. Bates without any security—which "may seem an unbusinesslike transaction." But Mr. T. and Mr. B. are old friends, and "we see no connection between the payment of £15,300 on Mr. Bates's part and the suggested Budget leakage save that it accentuates the close connection and friendship of the two men and puts Mr. J. H. Thomas under an obligation to Mr. Bates." Quite!

Apart from what may happen to the various disclosers and users of information, there is the vastly more important question of guarding against a repetition of the scandal. After the exposure that has been made, we imagine that it will be long before any Cabinet Minister feels tempted to peddle Budget secrets. Lloyd's, we understand, are going to take their own precautions, by prohibiting, or regulating, insurance on Budget risks. And it is likely that the Opposition, in the debate next week, will press for legislation to the same end. But though Chancellors of the Exchequer may now hope to sleep sound o' nights in early April, we shall still be a long way off building

Jerusalem in Westminster and Throgmorton Street. Mr. Thomas and his friends have gone rather beyond the limits in the matter of "private gain." Yet the limits are ample enough in a social and economic system which, like ours, exalts the principle of private gain. Behind the unlucky Bateses and Butts and Watertons and Eves who have been detected, there is an undetected multitude who spend their lives in turning legal but dishonest pennies in certain forms of what they call business, and others of us call professional gambling. But in our gentlemanly society this parasitism on the body politic is no crime. It is only when the gambler bets on a certainty that we run him in.

THE NANKING GOVERNMENT

[The author of this article has recently returned after five years' residence in China. We published an article by him on the Communist situation in China on April 18th last.]

EVEN those who looked with complacency on the rape of Manchuria have come to realise that every blow struck at China drives home another nail in the coffin of British influence in the Far East. In Shanghai, for example, the British municipal electors, no sentimental rhapsodists on Chinese virtues, have recently gone to the polls *en masse* to check the growing influence of Japan on the Council. It is late in the day to defy, by democratic methods, the huge Japanese barracks in Hongkew, a part of the Chinese city within a stone's throw of the International Settlement. At home, the growing antagonism between British and Japanese policies in China is reflected in the *Times*, where considerable space is given to news of Japanese sabotage of the Chinese Maritime Customs, for such action not only undermines the position of the Nanking Government, it endangers payments on foreign loans. It is significant that the news of the imprisonment of sixty-five Chinese (mainly concerned with British interests in Manchuria) last year by the Japanese military authorities has only recently been published. Since everyone in the Far East was aware of this six months ago it is difficult to believe that it is news to the *Times*. The truth is that things are coming to a head between England and Japan and that the biggest bone of contention is China. British interests in that country (well over £200,000,000) are bound up with the stability of the Nanking Government, for the day has gone by when it was practicable to safeguard investments by administrative or political control. Japan, who cannot afford, short-sighted as the view is, to have a strong China, defends her interests by force.

For Britain, therefore, Chinese policy is as important as Japanese. It is essential for us to ask what kind of government there is in China, what its internal structure is, whether China is resisting Japan and to what extent she is likely to accept Japanese domination. The essence of the answer to such questions lies in the diagnosis of China.

China in 1935 is not the Cinderella of 1931 who pretended to believe in her fairy godmother and danced with Lord Lytton but left the Manchurian shoe on the ill-fitting foot of her ugly sister. She has a central Government whose writ is not seriously challenged over the greater part of China proper. Apart from the Communist areas in the west, probably less than one-tenth of the area under Nanking control, there seemed to me no probability of open revolt from Shanghai to Chengtu, Peiping to Canton, although there are varying degrees of obedience. The creation of this glittering superstructure of government, no small achievement in seven years, has been somewhat Napoleonic in type. The agrarian situation hardly compares with that of France after the Revolution, but the national armies, like those of Napoleon, have incorporated many non-revolutionary forces. The breaking down of barriers to trade, the building of military highways, the centralisation of taxation, administration and government, the codification of law, all have points of comparison with the essential work of the French Revolution. While China has the great advantages of a common written and spoken language, at least among the educated, of a strong tradition of unity and civilisation, which Europe lacks, she shares with Europe the privilege of having for her neighbour an island empire which prefers a balance of power on the continent to a strong unified state. The building of the central government in the teeth of foreign aggression and world depression has been the most spectacular achievement of Chinese reconstruction.

The cost of this achievement has been enormous. It has meant that the unification, if such it can be called, of China has come, not through economic reconstruction but military force. The Government is paternal and authoritarian in character. Peasants and industrial workers are not represented; peasant unions are forbidden and labour unions, such as there are, flourish only under government control. After the reorganisation of last November Chiang Kai-shek emerged as the Prime Minister, Commander-in-Chief of all the forces, and vice-chairman of the two most important committees in the Kuomintang and National Government. During the last five or six years a group of men personally loyal to him has been growing up, including graduates of the Military Academy and the Central Political Institute, as well as certain cliques in the Party and friends, admirers and financial supporters outside it. Then there are his Blue Shirts, a secret terroristic organisation of unknown numbers, which has its own ways of dealing with radical sentiments, of controlling working-class associations and of removing Left-wing politicians. The Blue Shirts were attacked by the Japanese in North China because they interfered with the "autonomous" movement, but in practice they have often been used to suppress those who were too actively anti-Japanese in policy. They do not constitute a Fascist Party, as some would like to think. But there is much pro-Fascist sentiment in China, who, while deploring the fate of Abyssinia, naturally shares the German view of the Treaty of Versailles and looks to force as the only way out of her internal and external difficulties. The growth of the military ideal in China, especially since 1931, has been to a large extent inspired by European examples.

The recently reorganised Nanking Government has many points of comparison with the regimes in Italy or Germany. But the Chinese people as a whole are too non-political and the basis of their economy too agrarian for their political forms to be of the purest Fascist type. Yet all three Governments have justified themselves as bulwarks against proletarian revolution; all have copied, in inverted form, the Russian idea of one party dictatorship; all have sought to arrest economic difficulties by theoretical state control of economic activity for the good of the people and practical suppression of labour unions. In China, as in Germany and Italy, the State controls such elected forms of government as there are, and the army, when it thinks fit, rides roughshod over constituted civil authorities. Again, the modern Chinese banks are well represented in the personnel of the Government, make large profits out of government loans and have considerable influence on general policy. There is a widespread demand for a "strong" State, a tendency to encourage the "virtue" of obedience, to organise the people with military discipline. Plans have been put into execution for national labour conscription on dyke and river work so that all can "co-operate" in the work of reconstruction. Nor is Nanking behind in what might be called the processes of psychological manipulation. The political answer to Communism in Kiangsi Province was the New Life Movement, which is in essence an Old Life Movement to encourage the revival of ancient virtues, such as etiquette, justice, integrity and conscientiousness, the loss of which is claimed to be the reason for the present poverty of the people. According to the author, Chiang Kai-shek, "we must make the people work harder and spend less, and the officials be honest." Again, the aim of the movement is to make the people more "military minded" to "pacify the interior and resist external aggression," in order to do which "we must rely on force."

China is undoubtedly on the path to militarisation. There

is overwhelming evidence to show that it is a definite policy. And pacification of the interior, which means the strengthening of all those who have anything to fear from Communism, is reinforced by the revival of Confucianism which puts into the hands of the Government a ready-made instrument for political and social control through the heads of families. Dead indeed are the democratic dreams of urban idealists who only seven years ago hoped for the rapid industrialisation of China and the establishment of a Constitutional Republic. The lessons have been slowly learned that industrialisation is no alternative to agrarian rehabilitation and the preponderance of the military a necessary consequence of foreign and domestic conflict. The army dominates the central and provincial authorities on all important issues, its power depending, in so far as it is national, on indirect taxation, in so far as it is provincial, upon the land taxes. This involves collaboration with two fairly distinct social groups.

Put in its simplest social-economic terms, the government of China is a kind of triangle; the army, which guarantees peace and order to the others, the bourgeois groups, the most important of which, the banks, are necessary for internal loans and maintenance of the financial structure, and lastly, the agrarian ruling interests, which control the collection of land taxes and finance the peasants. The army holds the chair.

With this in mind what pattern does Chinese policy follow? It is clear that Chiang Kai-shek is not, as some would say, a traitor to his country; he is merely loyal to the interests he represents. In the first place he has to make a nice calculation as to whether there is more to be gained for those interests by accepting Japanese demands and carrying on the fight with Communism or by attempting to lead the nation against Japan, and in effect throwing the country open to the Chinese Soviets. In the second place he knows that to an enormous extent the Chinese financial and industrial structure is bound up with foreign interests and the protection of these is of first importance. Also, the nature of these foreign interests means that the Chinese national movement is bifurcated where it should be strongest, among the industrial and commercial classes. There is a good deal of point in Sun Yat-sen's description of China as a sub-colony.

Nanking has evidently decided that it has more to fear from Communism than from Japan, and is following the dangerous policy of compromise. Not to fight Japan involves suppression of anti-Japanese activities, censoring the press, concealing the terms of the Tangku truce and intensifying the struggle against Communism. The Chinese Soviets, according to rumour, have offered to join a "Front Populaire" against Japan, as well they may, for they have everything to gain from it. The offer is not likely to be accepted by the present Government. There is also talk of China moving her base to the interior and of resisting Japan along a line running through Honan and Kiangsi, but this is to ignore the fact that the key economic centres of China are the coastal provinces and that any Government removed from these could not long endure. Nor would a Russo-Japanese war, vaguely hoped for by certain irresponsible sections of the intelligentsia, necessarily be of any assistance to China in recovering the lost provinces. Neutrality would be her only reasonable course. To join Japan would involve an internal struggle with outraged public opinion supported by Russia. To join Russia would mean the end of the Nanking Government, whichever side won. But neutrality could only be maintained with strong British support.

The question raised by Japanese policies is simple. Is Great Britain willing, without a struggle, to allow her trade and influence in China to be slowly exterminated by Japan? Or will she, recognising that a bargain with Japan is unlikely, because Britain has nothing to offer, support the Nanking Government as the only protection for her interests? British policy since 1927 has been to develop an *entente cordiale* and assist Chinese reconstruction. China needs for reconstruction, among other things, foreign capital, invested on Chinese terms, and peace, the last of course being a condition of the first. But the conditions of peace pave the way from Mukden to Adowa and we are left with no other alternative than to put our faith in the stability of the Nanking Government, as the only hope for our Empire in the East. G. E. TAYLOR

A LONDON DIARY

ON Tuesday night the quidnuncs were vehemently debating the legal steps that would follow the Budget Leakage Report. On Wednesday morning I opened the *Times* and saw that the leading article (excellently written) quoted Tennyson. After that I was prepared to insure (if Lloyd's would deal in that class of insurance) against any prosecution. The rest of the press confirmed my opinion. Tennyson and soap are not the ingredients of the prosecuting mood. But I do not regret even the most extreme examples of the British distaste for kicking a man when he is down. In this case we have honestly exposed the scandal and that is all that matters.

* * *

Instead of a guide book of the Baedeker variety, I took for my Whitsuntide reading an illuminating guide to human nature entitled *The Dangers of Being Human*, by Dr. Edward Glover (Allen and Unwin, 5s.). The book is an expansion of Dr. Glover's B.B.C. talks on psycho-analysis. Life is full of quiet fun once you have got the trick of looking at your neighbours through the eyes of the analyst. As a common-sense maxim, I once laid down the rule that every motor-driver should regard every other as a homicidal lunatic and every pedestrian as a suicidal one. Dr. Glover gives me scientific support. The old lady who stepped off the pavement under my wheels just as the light turned green, may really have had an impulse to end her existence, and the fiend who cut in past me at 80 m.p.h. was probably impelled by an unconscious lust to kill. Such knowledge is salutary; it makes for caution and philosophic tolerance. One discovers, under Dr. Glover's guidance, such pleasant facts as that the squire's habit of hanging antlers in his hall and the common passion for collecting autographs both spring from the same impulses that lead head-hunting cannibals to collect the skulls of their victims. Society, it seems, is full of magic. The man I was arguing with at dinner was unconsciously plotting my death when he rolled a pellet of bread and squashed it between his thumb and finger.

* * *

As an observer of my own and other people's irrationalities I find no difficulty in believing that civilisation is highly precarious and still rests on the same mental mechanisms as savage society. I am sure that Dr. Glover is right in thinking that pictures of a permanently peaceful and prosperous society are so much fantasy-building unless solidly based on an educational system designed to decrease the part that fear plays in the human make-up. And if you are interested in crime, as we all of us are, you can test out for yourself the truth of his contention that we punish the criminal for our own sins rather than for his. The more uncomfortable we get, the more savage we become—witness an outbreak of birching orders for small children, usually demanded by the police in provincial courts, in spite of the statistical evidence that birching manufactures criminals and in spite of the recommendations of the Home Office that birching of children should be discontinued. But when you get away from cases that can be tested by statistics or other objective evidence and start trying to tackle world issues, I am not sure that psycho-analysis gets you very far. I remember the fury of a brilliant young philosopher in my day at Cambridge when psycho-analysis was becoming all the rage. He would lay down a proposition only to be exasperated by the retort that the reason why he thought that was because of his Oedipus complex. "What have my complexes to do with it?" he used to shout above the laughter. "Is what I say *true*? Do the facts support me or not?" And that is what I feel compelled to ask about Dr. Glover's conclusions when he deals with current politics, on which he seems quite in-

adequately informed. It would be amusing, but not important, to discover the unconscious urges that impel Dr. Glover to his opinions. As I am not myself able to psycho-analyse him, I can only call his attention to the fact that in dealing with international issues, he uses emotionally coloured phrases and lays down the law in a way which he would find highly suspicious in a patient.

* * *

Dr. Glover's main test of policy is whether it increases or decreases fear. I don't think you could have a better criterion. Assuming that the main cause of aggression in Germany and Italy is fear, he attacks all the supporters of the League of Nations on the ground that they intensify war mentality. (I come increasingly to the conclusion that the word "sanctions," which suggests "punishment," is a mistake. "Non-co-operation with violence" is a better term. Why should we be bullied into supplying the munitions of war to an aggressor?) Dr. Glover detects in pacifists as a whole an unconscious drive towards the war which they are ostensibly trying to avoid. This warlike propensity is, of course, common to humanity, but if Dr. Glover had known rather more of the facts he would have been impressed not with the bellicosity of pacifists during the Abyssinian struggle, but with their forbearance in not making capital out of the menace of Italy to the British Empire and in avoiding the exploitation of atrocities and in deliberately refusing to respond to the daily abuse of the Italian press. If pacifists had wanted an Anglo-Italian war their tactics would have been very different. Few people in England know, for instance, about the propaganda campaign that has been carried out by Italy throughout the Near East and India. Again, only ignorance can account for Dr. Glover's belief that the success of the League would increase rather than decrease fear. Ignoring all the complexities of the situation he concentrates on the fear mentality of the aggressor countries —which is as if a man were to argue that because burglars were afraid of the law we ought to abolish policemen. Admittedly sadism is shown towards criminals and admittedly they continue to exist, but there is less fear and less sadism where there is law than where there is anarchy. Similarly no League that puts its whole trust in deterring the aggressor will succeed. Success could only come if there is economic and cultural co-operation as well. But we are confronted with a choice of evils, and Dr. Glover only has to talk to citizens of any small State to discover that the failure of the League has intensified fear all over Europe. If sanctions had been successful, as they might have been, if properly applied from the beginning, there would have been more chance of disarmament and an immense relief of tension in Europe. When we are told that we shall reduce aggression by giving a Fascist dictator what he wants, I am reminded of the Boy Scout who did his good deed for the day by giving the canary to the cat.

* * *

The only way to reduce fear is to substitute law for anarchy. That will always be true, just as it will also always be true that law will never be enough without other conditions that make for freedom and happiness. The question to-day is whether the very possibility of public law in Europe has passed away. If the League was to add to security and not merely to lead us into a new war to end war, as Dr. Glover fears it will, several conditions had to be fulfilled. The League States had to be stronger than any potential aggressor. They had to have enough community of interest to work together in the case of aggression, and there had to be progressive disarmament and practical machinery for peaceful change. An alliance of States armed to keep the *status quo*, against other armed States anxious to upset it does not make for collective or any other kind of security. The difficulty is to find an alternative national policy if it becomes plain beyond hope that we have relapsed into anarchy. Clearly we ought to begin to relieve fear by making any offers to aggressive Powers which we are in a position to make without sacrificing the canaries; we ought to open markets and put all colonies under Mandates. I believe, too, that if the world-police idea has broken down we shall relieve fear more by disarming than by rearming. That certainly means in present conditions withdrawing from what we call international entanglements, when we don't like them, and international responsibilities, when we intend to stand by them. What, I wonder, would be the response in England to a campaign that we should deliberately try to reduce ourselves to a State like Sweden, obviously not aggressive or heavily armed, without considerable influence in high politics, and concentrating on keeping out of a war?

* * *

I was glad to read an amusing and honest message from the *Sunday Times* representative on the *Queen Mary* explaining that all the news was manufactured at the demand of the British and American press and that there just was not anything at all to say. Six non-existent stowaways had had to be invented. The passenger list was, in fact he said, uninteresting and undistinguished. The *Times* in its lofty manner was subtly offensive about the internal decorations of the ship. I liked its suggestion that Lord Rothermere and his fellow-travellers were chanting "*Θάλασσα, Θάλασσα*" when at last they escaped on to the open deck. The B.B.C. fell into the publicity trap, piling it on until the mass of trivial repetitions became insufferable. It is under no compulsion to imitate the two-million circulation press.

* * *

The myriad circulation papers have long contested for supremacy among the seaside public. This Whitsuntide the rival inducements of free gifts, photographs and amusements if the shivering public would only buy the Daily This or the Daily That reached astonishing proportions. Which reminds me of a conversation heard at Southend:

Billicock: I suppose these fellows combing the beach for circulation are called Beachcombers?

Shorts: No. Beachcombers are those little red sand-fleas that get into your hair. They taste all right in sandwiches.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to C.S.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

No meeting has been arranged by the Balham and Tooting Conservative Association regarding Sir Alfred Butt, who is M.P. for the division. When a reporter called at the headquarters of the association last night members were enjoying a whist drive. "No meeting is pending or has been arranged," said the secretary (Mr. N. J. Gladwell). "We see Sir Alfred in quite a different light. He is one of us, and the affair has hardly been mentioned."—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

The King's own musical tastes are eclectic. He likes the very new as expressed in "jazz." He is also a lover of the bagpipes, which retain the qualities of the most austere and primitive art. In music of the intervening periods he evinces less interest.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Girls who have sinned but who are really repentant, will, in future, be eligible for membership of the Girls' Friendly Society.—*Daily Herald.*

"I do not desire to see any drastic changes in the law of the State," he said. "I would go so far as to make adultery a criminal offence; I would send a person convicted of it to hard labour for a year, but I would not excommunicate him."—The Dean of Lincoln, reported in the *News Chronicle.*

The Coronation will mean a tremendous fillip to trade and industry. Let us see that it will benefit our own folk. No public body must be so neglectful as to allow public money to be spent on foreign flags for the occasion. No shopkeeper worthy of the name will seek to make a profit by selling such goods over his counter.—*Daily Dispatch.*

ON BEING FREE

IT was interesting to read the answer of the Northern Ireland Government to the recent criticisms of the Special Powers Act contained in the report of the Commission sent over to Ulster by the National Council for Civil Liberties. The Special Powers Act, it must be admitted, makes it part of the law of Northern Ireland that the executive can do almost anything it pleases in order to check those whom it suspects of subversive tendencies. Under it, the police may arrest a citizen on suspicion, and throw him into prison without charge or trial; they may enter his house and search it without a warrant; and, if he is regarded as a person of subversive activities, he may be deported—again without trial—from his own country and forbidden to return to it. The most serious thing about it all is that this is not a temporary measure to meet an exceptional situation, but is now part of the normal law of the land.

To the suggestion that the Special Powers Act destroys most of the safeguards of the liberty of the citizen, the Northern Ireland Government replies that a law-abiding citizen is as free in Northern Ireland as in any other part of the British Empire. This, in a sense, is true. If you do not oppose the Government, you are in as little danger of arrest or deportation in Belfast as in London. The same was true of Tsarist Russia. Those who in the opinion of the Government were law-abiding citizens were not thrown into prison just for fun and were free to do most things except undermine the Government. In Italy, again, the Fascist is fairly free to-day. He is free to support Mussolini, and, if he does this, all other kinds of freedom are at his disposal. Nor does Germany go out of its way to interfere with the freedom of the loyal Nazi. There are probably hundreds of thousands of Nazis who would indignantly deny any suggestion that they enjoy less freedom than the citizens of democratic America. Russian Communists again, laugh scornfully at the bourgeois blindness of the notion that they are not the freest people on earth. Mr. Shaw quoted one of them on one occasion who said that he had come to Moscow from the United States in order to be able to enjoy freedom of speech. From all this we may conclude that in most countries—even in countries ruled by dictators—the "law-abiding" citizen possesses a considerable amount of liberty.

It seems to me, however, that the freedom of a people should be measured not merely by the amount of liberty possessed by "law-abiding" citizens, but by the amount of liberty enjoyed by the opposition. One of the most important forms of liberty ever achieved by human beings is the liberty to oppose, and, where this does not exist, I doubt whether freedom can be said to exist. Destroy the right of opposition and you leave the citizen free only to agree with those in authority. Under a dictatorship, opposition itself, instead of being regarded as the exercise of one of the normal rights of citizenship, becomes a crime. Let an Italian attempt to bring out a paper in Rome criticising Mussolini for having made war on Abyssinia, and he will find himself in prison. Consider what would have happened if England had been a Fascist country at the time of the Boer War. Mr. Lloyd George, for criticising the Government, would have found himself in a concentration camp on the Isle of Man where he would have been joined by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and an enormous crowd of Nonconformist Ministers. The *Daily News*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and a number of other papers would have been suppressed, and their editors deprived of their livelihoods. All who were opposed to the policy of the Government would have been afraid to talk freely even in the privacy of their homes lest a "law-abiding" servant might overhear them and report their conversation to the police. Now, I am not suggesting that the pro-Boer enjoyed unlimited freedom during the Boer War. If the Government did not interfere with his freedom of speech, his loyal fellow-citizens sometimes did, breaking up his meetings, not always without the approval of Her Majesty's Ministers. At the same time, if he had the courage to face certain risks and still more certain obloquy, he was free to say in private or in public, in speech or in print, exactly what he thought of the Government and its policy. From a Fascist point of view, this would have seemed a menace to the interests of England. In point of fact, it turned out to be greatly to the benefit of the interests of England. For it was mainly the opponents of the war who ultimately brought about appeasement in South Africa. Wise is the country that recognises the rights of those who are "again the Government."

I have heard Communists arguing that England is not really a free country, because, if the Government were faced by a crisis in which it thought that the capitalist system was imperilled by the existence of a free press and a free Opposition, she would crush it as ruthlessly as other Governments have done. It is difficult to argue about such hypothetical situations. All one can reply is that at the time of the General Strike—a fairly "perilous" crisis—it was the Trade Unions and not the Government that suppressed the newspapers. I suppose that any Government confronted with armed revolution, would order the suppression of all newspapers advocating armed revolution. This, however, like the censorship of news in war-time, would be merely a temporary measure and would not be evidence of hostility to freedom. It would be the use of force in reply to the challenge of force. Even in the freest country in certain circumstances, freedom of speech will be suppressed in the last resort. The difference between a free country and a Fascist country is that the latter suppresses freedom of speech in the first resort. Its ideal is a nation of "Yes-men," all speaking and voting in the same way. I do not suggest that everybody is perfectly free under a democracy—I do not even think that everybody ought to be perfectly free under any Government—but it can hardly be questioned that under a democracy opponents of the Government enjoy vastly more liberty than in any "authoritarian" State.

It may be argued that politics occupy only a small part of an ordinary man's life and thoughts, and that if you leave him free to earn a living, to bring up a family, to go to the cinema, and to play or watch football, you are leaving him liberties he prizes far above the liberty to criticise the Government. That, however, is only superficially true. Even the man who spends far more time over the sports page than over the political leaders in the newspapers realises that his job and the price of his dinner may be affected by the policy of a Government and, at a crisis, he likes to take a hand in turning out a Government that is injuring the interests of his country, his class, or himself. He would not have fought so eagerly for the vote if he had not thought there was something in it. He would feel that he was no more than half a man if he dared not express his opinion, whether by vote or in casual talk, of Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Attlee.

It is only fair to the Northern Ireland Government to say that it has not gone to Fascist lengths in the suppression of liberty. There is still an Opposition vote; there is an Opposition press. Lord Craigavon has not claimed to be immune from criticism. The chief objection to the Special Powers Act is not that it has entirely destroyed freedom, but that it has destroyed the security of freedom. The English people found long ago that, in order to make the freedom of the citizen secure, it was necessary to limit the power of the police and the power of the executive. It was for this reason that trial by jury was instituted, and that the police were not left entirely free to arrest and to enter houses as they pleased. What some modern Governments, like some ancient Governments cannot understand, is that one of the chief things against which the freedom of the citizen has to be protected is the Government itself. They seem to think that they are so infallible in their justice, wisdom and moderation, that any law-abiding citizen ought to be perfectly happy to entrust his life and liberty into their hands. Unfortunately, well-meaning as Governments may be, they are only human, and, in moments

of political excitement, are apt to regard those who oppose them as traitors, enemies of their country, or red revolutionaries. The law-abiding opponent at such times seems as guilty as the man of blood. He seems all the more dangerous, indeed, because he is cunning enough to pretend to be moderate. An absolute executive or an absolute police force is as great a danger to liberty as an absolute monarchy, and for much the same reasons. Human beings are simply not angelic enough and not intelligent enough to be given complete power over the lives and liberties of those who offend them by opposing them. Europe has spent a considerable time in abolishing the absolute monarch. It is now faced with the equally difficult problem of how to abolish the absolute executive—perhaps the greatest menace, not only to the freedom, but to the peace and happiness of the world to-day.

Y. Y.

LESSONS FROM FOOD TAXES

WHEN this country, so dependent upon imported food, decided to tax and restrict these imports in 1931 it seemed that nothing short of a miracle could prevent a rise in the price of home-produced food. A study of farm prices immediately after 1931 reveals that the miracle occurred and prices, instead of rising, fell appreciably in the next two years. But a miracle is only the supersession of one law by a stronger one, and so it is interesting to examine these recent economic occurrences to try to find out what happened to cause the unexpected. Since I am no economist, but a mere recorder of facts and observer of tendencies, I do no more than suggest the possible causes for any conclusions that are drawn.

Taking the average quantity of food imports for 1927–29 as 100, this figure increased to 117 in 1931, the year in which food restrictions was introduced. This was reduced to 111 in 1932 and to 104 in 1934. Between 1931 and 1934, beef imports fell by 80,000 tons, mutton and lamb by 23,000 tons, pig meat by 102,000 tons, and eggs in shell by 960,000. The only increase was in imported dairy products that rose by 19 per cent. But in spite of these heavy reductions, the Ministry of Agriculture's price index shows the following falls in farm prices. (100 is equivalent to the price level in the period 1911–13.)

	1933.	1931.
Fat Cattle	101	122
Sheep	110	133
Bacon pigs	102	107
Pork pigs	109	123
Eggs	105	116

The Ministry's price index for all agricultural products stood at 120 in 1931, but was only 114 in 1934, and in 1933, when restriction was in full blast, it had sunk to 107. In 1935 it rose to 117. In spite of quotas, tariffs and "gentlemen's agreements," English farm prices fell steadily until the middle of 1933, or for nearly two years after reduction of imports was begun. Then they began to rise again, and part of this rise was no doubt due to the formation of the Marketing Boards, which began to create slightly better prices for milk and pigs. In September, 1934, milk was 18 points up on September, 1932, bacon pigs 1 point up, pork pigs 3 points up. But these were only two commodities, and the rises in pig prices were insignificant, so we must look farther to find the cause for such a general price rise. It is noteworthy that the beginning of the rise coincided with the beginning of the revival in industry generally, when wages had stopped falling, unemployment had improved, the building boom had begun. Spending power, in terms of wages and total number employed, was getting back to the level of 1929.

There seems good reason to deduce from this that agricultural prosperity is far more dependent than many people realise upon industrial prosperity, so far as this country is concerned. But it should also be borne in mind that the revival since 1933 has been almost entirely a revival in internal trade; our export trade is still but a shadow of its 1929 dimensions. With something like 70 per cent. of the world's population still engaged in agriculture, may it not also be true that our exporting industries are considerably dependent upon the level of farm prices in other countries? And might we not have avoided some of the worst of the slump in 1931-1933 by expanding internal spending power instead of reducing it? No doubt the depression abroad had much to do with the resistance of prices to duties and quotas, for the majority of the world's farmers can only attempt to meet low prices by working longer hours and producing more (incidentally adding thereby to the influences that depress prices); in this way the pressure of a rising bulk of goods to sell would offset the effects of restrictions upon United Kingdom imports. In addition to this there is the often ignored but no less real psychological effect of the incubus of a depression cycle. Buyers buy from hand to mouth because prices seem to have no bottom; producers become thankful for small mercies and welcome the chance to sell their goods at all; consumers, in this atmosphere of gloom and uncertainty, tend to cut down their consumption, even if their incomes have not changed, to leave a safety margin in case of possible misfortune.

Another factor is currency depreciation, although in this particular case (again I must say I am no economist) one would have thought that our abandonment of the gold standard would have tended to make dearer the things we must import, and therefore bring a favourable reaction on English farm prices. One can only assume either that the currencies of the countries exporting to us were depressed lower than ours—which I believe was not the case—or that the other depressive influences indicated above outweighed the effects of our going off gold.

Popular taste and the buying habits of the people must also be taken into account. Some things, such as flour, potatoes, milk and cheese, seem to be bought in fairly regular quantities whatever their price, and so restriction would raise their price quickly; but other commodities, such as eggs, fruit and to some extent bacon and other meat, seem more easily dropped from the daily menu and therefore the expected price-raising effects of restriction are largely offset by reduced consumption. Nor are imported products necessarily interchangeable with home-grown. Home-produced beef is regarded as a luxury, and there is no reason to suppose that raising the price of frozen beef would greatly affect the demand for fresh home-killed; the poor buy cheap eggs in winter because they cannot afford English new laid; the restriction of Danish bacon raised Danish bacon prices, but left English prices practically unaltered, for many people preferred to pay more for Danish and eat less of it than to change over to English—although some made the change and absorbed the increased home production. The richer people eat what they like, and therefore will not be diverted to home produce unless it is of as good or better quality; the poorer eat what they can afford to buy and cannot be driven on to English by reducing their buying power by making imported food more expensive. Rather will they have been permanently lost as consumers of that particular commodity when seasonal or other influences have made the English variety cheap again. This is particularly true of eggs and meat. Therefore the scope for diverting demand to home-grown food by fiscal manipulation alone is exceedingly small in the case of a considerable number of commodities.

It seems fair to assume, then, that in time of slump restrictions can be placed upon imported food without raising prices to any considerable extent; that this may well be worth doing in order to insulate home agriculture from the worst shocks of international depression and to maintain rural purchasing power to the benefit of both town and country; but that we must realise that we may easily be retarding revival in our export trades by "making the foreigner pay the duty." (I am still heretic enough to believe that the quota, by raising prices to a more economic level in countries that export to us, is preferable to impoverishing them by making them pay a

heavy tax. Bankrupt customers for Lancashire cotton goods in Denmark are no more good to Lancashire than bankrupt farmers in Norfolk.) It seems broadly true that, in the case of Great Britain—by far the chief world market for exported foodstuffs—fiscal restrictions can not only be placed upon imports at a time of slump without raising prices, but may lower prices through encouraging greater production at home (this has happened notably with tomatoes, where prices touched their nadir after duties were imposed, and the lowering process was accentuated because the quality of much of the increased production was so low) or by intensifying the world slump by this further clogging of the wheels of international trade. But the best may well be the enemy of the good in this case, and we must judge whether the bad effects of this clogging are not less, in practice, than the evils that arise when desperate producers throw a swelling surplus stock overboard at any price in the rigours of a first-class, world-wide trade depression. Nor must we forget that the experience in food taxing we have obtained so far relates only to slump conditions. If world trade ever booms again, an entirely different set of factors will come into play that may, and probably will, produce a very different effect. But that is still in the realms of surmise and theory so far as this country is concerned.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

L'ECOLE DES DIPLOMATS

"Herr Hitler set the first example of . . . strident . . . open diplomacy in his successive Notes; but nothing could be less helpful than to proceed by public cross-examination."—*The Times*, May 8th.

SWEET are the uses of conformity
in diplomatic interchange melodious
ignoring international enormity
to high contracting parties ever odious.

Tirades of dictatorial insanity,
appeals from social scum to social sediment,
fail to discountenance well-bred urbanity
which to no compromise admits impediment.

Not insult and vituperation furious
meet situations delicate and critical,
but catechisms diffidently curious,
Socratic questions, answers Jesuitical,

whereby Dictators' pledges of sincerity,
deprived of oratorical vivacity,
are shown for the instruction of posterity,
as self-convicted of their own mendacity.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

ARABS AND JEWS

SIR,—We read in the press of recurring trouble, strikes, and unrest in Palestine; of the reconsideration in Geneva of the problems involved; of a further Royal Commission; of an appeal to Zionists, and so forth, and Dr. Weizmann tells us we stand at the cross roads. I believe he is right. May I plead, as an Englishman, for an English view of the whole question?

What the Jews apparently cannot see, and in some cases will not face, is that the Palestine problem is not economic but psychological. Until that is understood, and righted, there will be no peace, however much money is poured into the country.

Arab and Jew are quite able, and not unwilling, to live together; but the government of the country must rest ultimately on consent and not on British bayonets. I served the Palestine Administration for nearly five years, went out first in 1918 and, like many another Englishman with the naive Protestant training of fifty years ago, was biased in favour of Zionism; but I came home with the conviction that the policy of the Balfour Declaration could never succeed, because however well administered it had in it a fundamental dishonesty and injustice. I went out again last year to see what things looked like, and to compare the dream of fifteen years ago with the achievement. I marvelled at the wonderful things Jewish energy and Jewish money had accomplished, but I was more convinced than ever that the regime could not continue, also that it was doing harm both to the British Commonwealth and to Jewry. It is difficult to say these things in England; people do not like to hear them, British civil servants are precluded from speaking, and Arab opinion does not readily find expression in the British press—is, indeed, often deliberately suppressed. But the words of Talleyrand are worth recalling: "You can do anything with bayonets except sit upon them." Yet that is what the British Mandate in Palestine is trying to do.

Put the psychological issue in the form of a question to an average honest Englishman thus: "Would you like an alien race, without your consent, to be provided with a 'National Home' in England?" Add that this might be done with the sympathetic aid of International Jewry, that the economic advantages would be ever so great; is there any doubt as to the Englishman's answer?

C. R. ASHBEE

Godden Green, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent.

SIR,—The article on Palestine in the last number of your paper appears to be typical of the current attempts to misunderstand the basic causes of the present disturbances. The equation of the Arab-Jew conflict with the formula of racial rivalry is, to say the least, an undue and dangerous simplification of the whole problem.

As in similar issues in other parts of the world, the major factors are economic and not cultural ones. The post-war emigration of Jewish labour and capital to Palestine has accelerated the disintegration of Arab feudalism. The mass purchase of land from the wealthy Arab landowners has brought in its train effects similar to those experienced in England during the enclosure movement of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Arab "squatters," unable to prove their claims to land which their families had worked for centuries, became transformed into a new, landless proletariat—a class with grievances no different from those expressed by Latimer during the period of sheep-enclosures in this country.

At the same time, Jewish labour policy has led to the formation of Trade Unions from which Arabs are rigorously excluded. By itself this might indeed have been enough to cause friction, but, in addition, the system of closed corporations has had the effect of dividing the working population of the country into two distinct groups—the Jews as the aristocrats of labour, and the Arabs as the unskilled, unorganised workers. There has thus arisen a new form of slave state, analogous to present-day South Africa, in which the immigrants form the most highly paid and protected group of workers, while most of the natives have been degraded to the lowest economic strata. In effect, therefore, every latent racial antagonism has been accentuated by superimposed economic distinctions. Growing social consciousness on the part of the Arab population must necessarily lead to the most bitter forms of conflict by making the dispossessed Arabs peculiarly susceptible to any form of internal or external chauvinist propaganda.

The remedy, then, is a simple one. The first step must be to throw open the Trade Unions to Arab and Jewish labour alike.

Only by the practical demonstration of the common interests of all the workers in Palestine can there be any prospect of minimising present racial discontents. This solution may not be a complete one, but it does at least offer the possibility of social stability in a country whose uninterrupted development is of the greatest importance.

HILARY FERRARS
LAMNATZ SEYUCH

15a Gloucester Gate, N.W.1.

[We did not "equate the Arab-Jew conflict with the formula of racial rivalry," though it is surely absurd to suggest, that national rivalry has nothing to do with the trouble. We are strongly in favour of joint Trade Unions and so, contrary to our correspondent's argument, are many of the Jews. But are they really such a simple panacea?—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—In your leading article you say that the Arabs of the Holy Land "fear the dominance of the Jews." Will you permit me to rejoin that this is not the issue at all in Palestine. What the Arabs fear for is their own dominance. Palestine is their own country and they desire to rule it.

Why should they not do so? By what authority did we, without consulting them, forcibly instal the "National Home" in a land which had been Arab for centuries?

The whole Palestine affair comes down to this question of authority. Certainly the fact that Palestine had been a Jewish country in Biblical days gave no authority to the Allied Powers to install the Jews there against the desire of the population.

Did their authority then spring from right of conquest? I do not believe that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION would wish to make that claim.

There remains the plea of the Mandate. It is customary to refer to the Mandate in hushed tones, as a sacred obligation. A sense of duty led us to accept it, and a sense of duty (but canalised in oil pipe-lines and strengthening as the Suez Canal is neared) leads us to maintain it.

Who believes in the sanctity of our Mandate save those whose only hope is to believe in it? In 1919 Mr. Lloyd George ordered the Mandate from a creature League of Nations, for strategic ends upon which it is unnecessary to insist any further. I should like to have seen what would have happened in that year if the League had not consented to lay this "obligation" upon our bowed and altruistic shoulders.

Faced with a lack of all moral authority for our action in Palestine, its defenders of late have sought a way out of the difficulty by complaining of the "nationalism" of the Arabs. It is nationalism on their own soil. What right has a British Government to insist that other peoples shall be internationalist and not our own? If internationalism is to be a new world-order let us begin by applying it in the British Isles. When and only when we have done so can we suggest its installation elsewhere without indulging in humbug. To enforce its installation is worse than humbug.

J. M. N. JEFFRIES

The Bath Club, W.1.

WOMAN AND THE MACHINE

SIR,—The writer of your most amusing review of "As Time Went On . . ." which greatly enchanted both author and her friends, is, it appears, not a musician. May I therefore, for the thousandth and absolutely the last time, present on a platter two points I have been trying to make for years, which have not been insisted upon from wholly egotistic motives, and of which readers will be relieved to hear I am now so deadly sick that they will never be referred to again?

(1) If a writer prints a book at his own expense, it is never the same thing as getting it published and pushed with all the means commanded by a big firm. Similarly, as at least two eminent writers on music, A. K. Holland and Neville Cardus, have pointed out, if a composer is debarred from benefiting by the agency of what I call "the Machine," he can never get into real touch with his public.

It is not a case of that public "liking" or "not liking" his work (and after all even the most ancient of us was at one time a "contemporary"!), but of its being given no opportunity of forming any opinion whatsoever, one way or the other. Indeed I may extend my analogy from letters and say it is almost as though a book were never printed at all, and fated to spend its life as mice-nibbled manuscript in a cupboard.

(2) The second point is that public displayal—if I may coin a word—of his work is of incalculable educational value to the creator. Indeed I remember Monet saying that until a picture of his was hanging on a wall with other pictures he was unable to gauge its real value.

For a musician who, among other things, deals with subtle, swiftly-passing sonorities, this is a thousand times more the case; and that is why certain people—obscure spiritual descendants of Ludwig of Bavaria—thinking it worth while, were good enough to help me. But for friends of that kind a composer ignored by the Machine (and by that word—let me repeat it once more slowly and distinctly, as I lower the subject into its grave—is meant *not the public*, but mainly *Conductors and Selection Committees*), but for such, I say, the ambition of some of us might have been limited to writing a sequel to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*—perhaps with a touch of jazz thrown in to bring things up to date.

To sum up, composers adopted by the Machine need no extraneous aid. Their work runs smoothly on well-greased wheels into the presence of the public, and the educative value, not to mention other advantages of public performance, is theirs without effort.

And surely your reviewer will concede that, if one less fortunately circumstanced is able to contract deep and lasting friendships such as bear easily the strain of an occasionally extended helping hand, this is not a faculty to be ashamed of?

ETHYL SMYTH

A. E. HOUSMAN'S POETRY

SIR,—I did not know that in the Sacred Wood of English Literature the poetry of Housman was a ju-ju tree, to touch which is punished with torture and death. Nor that it was, as my two Wykehamist opponents have not delayed to point out, gross bad taste to find fault with it. The death of any writer is always followed by a revaluation of his work, and the *advocatus diaboli* can surely be allowed a hearing. To suppose that there are degrees of being dead, that after three weeks one cannot pass judgment on an author, and that at some unspecified moment afterwards one can, is too nice an interpretation of the etiquette of the grave. There was nothing in my article that Housman would not have said, with far greater venom, of a living adversary, and nothing in it as unbalanced as the panegyrics which preceded.

> The poems of A. E. Housman will endure as long as English poetry is read, his work as a scholar as long as there are people who wish to appreciate the finest shades of language and the obscurest references in the less-known Latin poets. But Housman was not merely an unrivalled Latin scholar, not merely the author of immortal verse, he was perhaps the most remarkable man among all the distinguished figures of his time.

If Mr. Sparrow, who admits that "Housman's reputation suffers from indiscriminating adulation" can write this, is it in such execrable taste to contradict it?

Mr. Cooper goes on to object to my finding only half a dozen good poems in Housman. Is that so few? There are no more in Collins. In his charge that I blame imperialism, place-nostalgia, games and beer for Housman's "triteness and banality" and not Housman himself he misunderstands me. Great poetry has been written on those themes, but not between 1896 and 1922. I mentioned them only to show how close Housman was to the poetical fashions of his time. As to the Anti-God lines I find they betray something undigested and unassimilated in his work. Mr. Cooper defends "whatever brute and blackguard made the world" as being appropriate to young men of twenty-three, but nothing else in the poem is; we know he was between thirty-six and sixty when he wrote it, and he should either have brought the diction and philosophy of the rest of the poem down to it, or matured the line to suit them. I do not agree that nothing is to be gained by comparing Housman to Leopardi. Leopardi was a classical scholar, a recluse, and a pessimist, but also one of the supreme poets of all time; when one compares his laments for his youth or for the untimely deaths of Silvia and Nerina with Housman's Threnodies one is exactly able to isolate the element of hurdy-gurdy in the latter. There is, for instance, the subtlety and fine restraint of the "Sabato del villaggio" when Leopardi reflects on how much happier the villagers are on the eve of the fête than they will be on the fête itself, and compares them to a boy looking forward to the feast of life, "Do not be sorry that your *festa* is slow in coming—more I will not say"—he concludes, far from the crudities of Ludlow Fair.

Here I should like to answer Mr. Cooper's last objection which is also made by Mr. Lucas. I do not mind anyone standing half-way between the Christian and pagan worlds, but since the handling of the pagan concept of life should be a very delicate one, and since it is a position still capable of giving great artistic results, I do mind the insincere use Housman made of it, overdoing constantly the notion of mortality and exaggerating it into a cloying graveyard poetry and a *succès de larmes*. In the same way I like the "pathetic fallacy," but because I like it, resent Housman's constant indulgence in it, especially in the form of lamenting that he will not be there to witness some natural phenomenon, or that, if he has been there, no one will know.

Mr. Lucas and Mr. Sparrow also object to my point about Housman and his rustics. I know how Homer, Theocritus, and Virgil made use of them. Homer is detached from his swineherd, the shepherds of Virgil and Theocritus are either genuine, or the poet and his friends playing at being them, not both in the same poem. Now, in the case of Housman there is an uneasy and variable relationship, he is not quite sure whether he is a peasant himself; with some his relations are more than friendly, at other times he becomes a distant monitor—or are they all Cambridge professors? I maintain there is a deep confusion here, *meliusne hic rusticus infans*? We come once more on one of those unresolved situations as if Homer was suddenly to say "you're a better man than I am, Eumaeus," or Virgil to interfere between Alexis and Corydon. It was to try and pin down this shifting status that I used the image of the scoutmaster and his patrol.

Mr. Lucas and Mr. Cooper both inquire about the five-line stanza. Now, Housman generally wrote in four-lined rhyming

stanzas, a metre which he often allowed to lapse into a jingle, for he had not the ear of Eliot or Yeats. In one of his earlier and several of his later poems he added a line to this stanza, using it to impart something particularly bitter and poignant, and having thus three similar open rhymes to each verse—

O let not men remember
The soul that God forgot
But fetch the county kerchief
And noose me in the knot
And I will rot

is an example. Surely there is something overloaded and over-artful about this stanza, especially when the last line is given such emphasis. I therefore called the extra rhyme metrically morbid. I do not object, either, to poets using contemporary speech, as Mr. Lucas thinks, but I do not feel that "more's the pity," "lief would I," "Ay Lad," or

Then the world seemed none so bad
And I myself a sterling lad
And down in lovely muck I've lain
Happy till I woke again

succeed as colloquialisms. "Ditty" and "hie" I think are rather feeble words. When Mr. Sparrow says that I might have written a valuable article showing where Housman fell below his models instead of leaving it to someone with greater knowledge and judgment, he leaves out the other qualification—a far greater certainty that Housman's poetry is permanently important. Also to say "my friends tell me this is nonsense" is not criticism. I should have preferred to hear from Mr. Sparrow more about Housman and Gray. Speaking of Nature, and Gray and Bentley, he wrote "to make a third [Professor Housman] she joined the other two." This was a claim I contested, may I hope he will substantiate it?

Mr. Wilkinson's letter I think admirable, I only wish I knew the classics well enough to correct other people with the ferocity such knowledge invariably confers. I admire his examples, but still timidly contend that they are not quite the same as Housman's more sentimental "for golden friends I had." But I think his point is won. May I ask anyone else who feels like writing a letter to consider first how long it is since they read Housman, and what age they were at the time, for he is a poet who appeals especially to adolescence, and adolescence is a period when one's reaction to a writer is often dictated by what one is looking for rather than what is there? At least read a few consecutive poems over and see if they are as good as they all seemed. I think Housman wrote a certain quantity of admirable rhetorical verse, a few beautiful lyrics and some lovely occasional lines and stanzas, but I still think there is emotionally something vulgar and shallow about him, which is reflected in the monotony of his versification and the poverty of his diction. I think he will always have a place, for his good things, in late Victorian poetry, but that he is at the moment greatly overrated.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

Chelsea.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE IN LONDON

SIR,—There is so much that is to be commended in the new scheme of Public Assistance under the London County Council, and the present administration is so much more humane and sensible than the former one under the Municipal Reformers, that it is disagreeable to have to criticise one thing in it, but the writer believes this to be of real importance, in that a principle is at stake.

Your article on Public Assistance in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION drew attention to the fact that an applicant for relief can now see the Adjudicating Officer in privacy instead of having to face the ordeal of appearing before a number of people. I know that it was an ordeal, and still is, for those who come before an area or a district sub-committee, but this fact of privacy is a danger. No one but officials can know what goes on. No representative of the applicants or the ratepayers may ever be present. The fact that there are very few appeals, or that the Adjudicating Officers are carefully chosen, sympathetic and reliable men, as I believe them to be, does not alter the principle of the thing. It should be possible for some elected or co-opted member of the L.C.C. to be present if they wished. Possibly the Chairman of the local Area Committee might have freedom of access. This would not mean that he or she would always be there, but the freedom to be there should be a part of the scheme. It is not denied that the Adjudicating Officer has his scale of relief definitely laid down by the Council, and the Council is responsible for it—only those who worked under the old regime know what an improvement this is—but as it is, representatives of the general public cannot know how Relieving Officers deal with applicants for relief when they see them in their offices or visit them in their own homes, and of course it is impossible that they should. But at the time when the relief order is made an elected representative of the people should have the statutory right to be present.

THEODOSIA LLOYD

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS

SIR,—In connection with the appeal on behalf of Beacon Hill School, it may be noted that junior schools which depart from the stereotyped routine are handicapped by some of the senior schools which claim to be enlightened. For instance, out of the five schools for boys to university age which gave an account of themselves in *The Modern Schools Handbook*, three require the Common Examination for entrance to Public Schools as their entrance qualification. This examination is often stupid, it overstresses Latin and French grammar, it ignores science, art, handwork and music. Its papers as a whole are usually more unsatisfactory as a test of knowledge or of ability than those set by individual schools for entrance or scholarships. Nevertheless, we find it taken as satisfactory by these schools who proclaim in private and public that they are models of what schools should be.

Holly School, Betchworth. HILDERIC COUSENS

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN SPAIN

SIR,—Mr. Horsfall Carter, in his interesting commentary on my article on Spanish Communism, quarrels with my use of the term "Marxist." I had tried to make it clear that I used it as the best descriptive label for the Communist doctrinaires who derive their creed directly from Marx. It is more accurate than the other designations of "Communist Left" or "Trotskistas." Incidentally, Andreu Nin's party is styled "Workers' Party of *Marxist* Unification."

It is hardly relevant that other Left-wing groups sometimes call themselves Marxists (though not in their official titles). Henry VIII no doubt had his reasons for contending that the Church of Rome had seceded from the Catholic Faith, but the historian is not bound to accept them. The use of "Marxist" as a term of abuse is certainly widespread also. So, in this country, is "Bolshevik." Does that preclude the use of "Bolshevik" in its proper sense?

As to the Catalan peasantry, I agree that they might be expected to be Conservatives. They are mostly small-holders, or else they farm the land on the métayage system. But in point of fact they are as revolutionary as any. This is because in Catalonia Left-wing views are inseparable from autonomist aspirations. As I showed when setting forth the Spanish Fascist programme, the chances of autonomy under a reactionary government are nil. Hence the apparent anomaly of a *petite bourgeoisie* attracted for economic reasons towards the extreme Left. GEOFFREY BRERETON

Bryanston, Blandford, Dorset.

MEMOIRS OF A COSMOPOLITAN

SIR,—In his review of my late father's Memoirs which I edited (*The Memoirs of a Cosmopolitan*, by Heinrich Felbermann) your reviewer expressed doubt as to the authenticity of some of my father's stories. The following extracts from a long letter written by Dr. George C. Williamson to the Editor of the *Surrey Advertiser and County Times*, published on April 25th, may therefore be of some interest to your readers.

"I think it is probable," Dr. Williamson begins, "that many persons in Guildford will obtain from their lending library a recently published book called *The Memoirs of a Cosmopolitan*, by Dr. Felbermann, and it is quite likely that, so wonderful are the records of Dr. Felbermann's life, they will hesitate to accept it as a truthful statement, and may be inclined to couple it with the story that was so quickly discredited some years ago of De Rougemont.

"It may, therefore, be of some interest if I mention that, years ago, I knew Dr. Felbermann quite well, that he came to Guildford on more than one occasion to stay with me, that I have heard almost all the stories that he tells in this book, and have been in a position to verify many of them, and that I was a contributor to the paper *Life* that he owned, and that I met him on many occasions in London."

Dr. Williamson then speaks of several meetings with my father and describes my father's first visit to him:

"Dr. Felbermann came down to see me at Guildford, and kept me up half the night with his stories of his amazing experiences, and when I, in a somewhat dubious mood, began to smile at some of his stories, he, to my great delight, produced out of his bag letters and evidence that showed me that he was speaking of experiences, although very extraordinary, absolutely true."

RENÉE FELBERMANN

Miscellany

A BRAZILIAN MISADVENTURE

THROUGH the odd behaviour of the Brazilian police I and my two companions were recently given the chance of seeing the inside of a Brazilian political prison.

Last February Lady Hastings and her sister-in-law, Lady Marian Cameron, went to Brazil to write a book about that country, and took me with them as their secretary. The book was to be as comprehensive as possible and my job was to collect, sift, sort and arrange all the Government reports and statistics and any other available material. We were met at Rio by members of the Special Police who insisted that we were a delegation "sent from Moscow to investigate their political prisons." Our luggage was searched and I was taken to the police station to be questioned; but the police had to admit that there was no evidence to support their statement. After ten hours with the police I was released with the warning that "if we made any attempt to get into touch with political prisoners we would be kicked out of the country or put in gaol, but that otherwise we might see anything we pleased."

For the next week the constant interference of the police made it impossible for us to see anything of Brazilian national life. If anyone came to see us, they were intercepted and told that they would be much wiser not to, or even occasionally, more peremptorily, that they might not see us.

At the end of the week the British Ambassador was prevailed on to interfere. He went to see the Brazilian Foreign Minister, who offered, through the medium of his personal secretary, to show us anything we pleased. Next day we set out with the Secretary to see the first of a series of Government institutions, the Emergency Hospital in Rio.

We were not more than half an hour in the hospital before the police arrived in force and we were all arrested. The charge this time, though never formally stated to us, was that (though in the company of the Secretary of the Foreign Minister) we were "trying to elude the police."

At the Central Police Station, the police led us out of the office along a balcony overlooking the courtyard into which an American boy, Victor Baron, had thrown himself, or been thrown, to death on the day before. At the end of the balcony was a barred gate. With our escort we passed through, and the gate clanged shut after us.

My first impression was of rows of beds; on each bed was a man—some fully dressed, some half-dressed. A smaller room led off it, with more beds and more men. On the right of the first room was a glass swing door, like the entrance to a Continental bar, which led into the women's room, into which the two ladies were taken.

I was given a bed in the corner of the larger room and told not to talk to anyone. I lay down on the soiled sheet which covered it and took a good look at my fellow prisoners. They still lay on their beds, almost motionless, without showing the slightest interest in my arrival. As I was to learn during the next few days, it is always healthier to pay no attention to new arrivals in a Brazilian political prison: they might be anything, stool pigeons or men from whom the police wanted to extort information. With the former you might later find yourself supposed to have incriminated people you had never heard of and with the latter you might find yourself being "closely questioned" by the Special Police in case any information had been passed on to you.

Several hours passed, very slowly. Practising smoke rings on my bed, I could hear intermittent conversation in the women's room. There was a man at the end of my bed and he was trying to talk to me. I moved down nearer to the end of the bed and listened. He was talking passable English.

"Why are you in here?"

I looked at the guards; they had their backs turned to us.

"I don't know," I whispered back.

"Are you a political prisoner?"

Still the guards' backs were turned.

"Aren't we all?" I whispered cautiously.

"Are you with us?" he said, looking at me meaningly.

There was something odd about the continued indifference of the guards to my activities. Up till this moment one or other of them had watched me continuously. I felt I had better watch my step.

"Sure, in the prison with you," I said.

He shook his head disappointedly. "We are all comrades together here," he said.

I looked at him as if he was crazy.

"You are a comrade, too?" he asked, and, without turning to see whether the police were watching him, he raised a clenched fist in the Communist salute.

I must look very green, I thought, if this stool pigeon imagines that he is doing his job well enough.

"Hi," I called out to the chief warder, "this man is talking to me."

The warder looked surprised and told my questioner to go away.

Presently a little middle-aged woman walked stiffly through our room and into the women's room. Walking very slowly between two special police she seemed to be trying to avoid every unnecessary movement of her body. The guards went into the women's room with her and stayed there. I thought she had been beaten and I was later told by the two ladies that from their observation of her they also thought she had been.

After we had been in eight hours, all three of us were called out. It appeared that the two ladies were to be released; but I would have to stay in. On my return I did not have to wait long before another attempt at conversation was made.

A young man stood at the end of my bed and, when the warders were not looking, muttered quickly in French:

"Take a bed in the other room."

I waited for a few minutes and then strolled into the smaller of the men's rooms.

I lay down and started to smoke. One of the warders in the other room noticed that I had moved from the bed that was allotted to me and came in to see what I was up to; but I was engrossed in blowing smoke rings. He went back again and the man who had spoken to me in French lay down on the bed next to me.

"We thought that they might beat you up to-night. You will be safer in here."

The conversation was halting; sometimes it took an hour to complete a sentence because the guards were watching. But, except for a period of six hours when a guard caught us talking and came and sat on the end of my bed, we talked almost continuously, day and night. The early period was taken up with satisfying ourselves that each was not a police spy. I did not think that he was and I don't think he thought that I was; but we both wanted to be quite sure. Put in cold print, it looks a waste of time, but it took something like five hours to settle this simple fact to the satisfaction of both of us.

I had told him how the police had originally suspected me of intending to investigate the conditions of the political prisons. He had said:

"And now that you are in one, what are you going to do?"

"Find out all I can about them," I replied.

So he had set to work to tell me the stories of the prisoners in that room. He told me to look at the hands of a man sitting in the corner of the room. The hands were in a horrible condition; some of the nails looked as if they had been stripped off. He had been beaten and had had spikes driven under his nails during interrogation by the Special Police, my informant told me. Another man, whose conversation he translated for me said that he had been beaten himself and then had had his wife beaten insensible in front of him in order to extract information. He pointed to other men in the room who had been beaten with rubber truncheons.

"The others," he said drily, "have not yet had a proper interrogation."

On the second night, round about midnight, a man was brought in. He looked dazed and his face showed signs of being knocked about. He was brought in by three Special Police; two of them were holding his arms. When they were in the middle of the room, the one holding the prisoner's right arm let go and caught him a crack in the face with his fist. The other also let go his hold and the prisoner stood, head hanging and arms limp by his sides, only half conscious. A rain of blows followed until the man collapsed on to the floor, the right side of his face raw with the blows he had received, gouts of blood were springing from the swelling that had been his eye and his nose appeared to be broken. With a joke to our warders the three Special Police left us and we lay still on our beds as though waiting for something to happen.

"Don't go near him," the voice next to me warned. "He has been questioned, and you will be, too, if you are found talking to him."

The man on the floor stirred, dragged himself up and slumped down on an empty bed.

On the third morning six men in uniform were brought in with extra guards. My informant said that they had been brought back for further questioning from the prison ship in the middle of the harbour. I said I would like to talk to them and he said he would do what he could, though it would be difficult with the extra police in the room.

A diversion was caused in the other room with some fancy sparring between two of the prisoners, and one of the uniformed prisoners sat down on my bed. He had been told that I spoke German or French (both badly), and he told me about the conditions amongst the convicted prisoners.

The conditions, he told me, were not so bad for the intellectuals and officers as for the workers. He believed that a systematic effort was being made to crush every spark of revolt out of the workers. "They cannot do it," he said. "Vargas (the present President of the Brazilian Republic) represents only a tiny minority who for years have made bargains with England and America which have made foreign business men rich and kept Brazil poor. Vargas can count on the support of these foreign interests, but he will never win the support of the majority of the Brazilian people. That is why we have this organised terror. One day we will have a free Brazil."

I asked him what the spirit of the men on the *Don Pedro II*, the battleship from which he had come, was like. He told me that it was excellent. During the very hot weather they had had a strike for a better and more plentiful water supply; the prisoners had refused to come out of their cells and had stayed there singing revolutionary songs until their demand had been granted. He said also that they were learning much from each other, and their joint experience would one day serve Brazil—if ever they got free.

"Yes, one day," he repeated, "we will have a free Brazil."

The sparring in the next room was over and we separated. A warder came and sat on the end of my bed until I was released later in the afternoon. But I had heard and seen enough to be able to keep my promise to tell the world of the sufferings of Brazilian political prisoners and to plead on their behalf for justice and for their lives. RICHARD FREEMAN

MOZART AT GLYNDEBOURNE

THE eagerly awaited first production of *Don Giovanni* under Fritz Busch at Glyndebourne took place on the Friday of Whitsuntide, before a sold-out house, and the performance was repeated on the Sunday and will be given as advertised during the five-weeks season. It may be said at once without hesitation that this is the finest production of *Don Giovanni* that has been given in England during my lifetime and, incidentally, the only complete one. The cast is magnificent without one serious weakness; the orchestra is excellent and, owing to some improvements made in the orchestral pit, sounded better than ever, because more evenly and a little less sharply resonant. Fritz Busch has no rival as an opera conductor in my experience outside of Toscanini, and the subtlety, accuracy and vivacity of his conducting of the "Don" cannot be over-praised. Having said all this one might conclude that this production of *Don Giovanni* is that for which all musicians and true amateurs of music have for so long—all a lifetime—been waiting, namely, the ideal production. Well, it is not quite that and for various reasons which I shall proceed to mention.

In the first place, much to my surprise, Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert have seemingly acquiesced in accepting a setting for this opera which does not fulfil the first requirement of any setting of an ideal production of *Don Giovanni*, namely, that of enabling each of the two acts to be played swiftly and without breaks to its culminating effect. It is not an exaggeration to say that Mozart's *Don Giovanni* has on this occasion been sacrificed to Mr. Hamish Wilson's scenery. Of course, a musician so thoroughly immersed in this wonderful score as Fritz Busch, having all the music in his head to enjoy whenever he wants to, may not be fully aware perhaps of the difference it makes to the average auditor in the theatre whether the action is constantly held up by intervals—and intervals, moreover, of sufficient length to necessitate the lights being turned up—or proceeds smoothly without a break. After all, to go to hear a great masterpiece like Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is to go to get a unique experience of the work of Mozart's genius. But if this work is presented to you in little fragments, if immediately after being profoundly moved by Ottavio's singing of that marvellous aria *Dalla sua pace*, with its astounding orchestration which Fritz Busch handles to perfection, the lights are turned up and you have to contemplate a vacant or positively depressing neighbouring face while the scenery is audibly shifted to make room for a sumptuous dressing-room which would be more suitable for a Messalina of Tottenham Court Road recently returned from Spain than for a Spanish Grandee like Don Giovanni, one has a right to feel resentful. This is the manner in which *Hamlet*, for example, is treated in almost all London productions, and how much this inadequate treatment of Shakespeare damages his work only those who have seen a complete performance of *Hamlet* played without breaks are aware. Now in this respect the *Don Giovanni* production at Glyndebourne is no better than many I have heard in the past at Covent Garden and elsewhere, but we definitely do not expect this sort of defect at Glyndebourne.

Apart from the fact that Mr. Hamish Wilson has not attempted to solve the fundamental problem of devising a setting which will do away with all breaks during each act, I personally do not admire the general character of his decor. It belongs to the old-fashioned, conventionally realistic school of theatrical design, and it is also rather cumbrous and oppressive. The greater visual sensibility that has been shown temporarily in theatrical decor due to the influence of the exceptional taste of Serge Diaghilev in this respect seems to have left Glyndebourne comparatively unaffected. In the settings of *Cosi fan Tutte* and of *Die Zauberflöte* (especially of the second act of the latter), however, Mr. Hamish Wilson had achieved some partial successes, but to me nothing in the *Don Giovanni* setting but the final supper scene is thoroughly successful, even from the limited point of view of the dramatic action. Even in *Die Zauberflöte* some of the best effects are largely due to the imaginative lighting and grouping.

This brings me to the one other reservation to be made in my enthusiasm for this performance of *Don Giovanni*, which is that Carl Ebert, whose production of *Cosi fan Tutte* was a complete triumph and whose lighting effects in *Die Zauberflöte* are truly imaginative, has not been uniformly successful with *Don Giovanni*. The final supper scene with the engulfment in flames of the Don is exceedingly well done. Indeed, I have never seen it so well done; but the opening scene of the first act was not very successful in spite of its originality. This opening scene is one of Mozart's miracles of musical form and it ought to go with an inevitable, irresistible flow as of something fatal. Instead, one had the feeling of the actors being cramped and confined, the action did not seem to flow and there was no sense of an outdoor scene in a garden obscured

by night. I think that one needs the suggestion of a breeze and rustling trees or scurrying clouds and not a well-built heavily moulded stairway and a statically baroque sky.

Having made these reservations it remains to praise the singers. Ina Souez gave, as one expected, a fine dramatic presentation of Donna Anna; and this lady's attachment to Don Ottavio, so inexplicable in the case of most of the attenuated tenors who half fill this role, was on this occasion wholly intelligible, for the Hungarian singer Koloman V. Pataky gave us a dignified and robust performance of the part, besides possessing a fine voice and a splendid technique. Audrey Mildmay was a charming Zerlina, and Roy Henderson, although inclined to exaggeration, made a more convincing Masetto than one usually hears. There is no finer artist at Glyndebourne than Luise Helletsgruber, and her Donna Elvira was a highly sensitive and beautiful performance. If one has any reservation to make about John Brownlee's performance as the Don it would only be that in spite of a handsome appearance, an attractive voice and excellent musicianship he is a little lacking in the fiery impetuousness which the character demands. After giving a word of praise to the newcomer David Franklin as the Commendatore, it remains to be said that the Leporello of Salvatori Baccaloni was absolutely superb. It is an extremely difficult role and is generally clowned or is stiff with dead conventions, but Signor Baccaloni gave a wonderfully lively and serious performance and thus contributed greatly to the success of the production.

On the second night *Die Zauberflöte* was given with several changes from last year's cast. Instead of Ivar Andresen, Alexander Kipnis was the Sarastro and Lili Heinemann was the Papagena in the place of Irene Eisinger. Papageno is perhaps the best thing that Roy Henderson does, but I still wish for less facetiousness in this very important part, which is not a representation of a mere comic, but of the ordinary average man. One of the great merits of this production of *Die Zauberflöte* is the quality of the general ensemble. Nothing could demonstrate more clearly the high standard of Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert than the care taken with the parts of the three ladies and the three boys. The three boys are all English singers and they are extremely good both vocally and in their postures and movements. The producer has known how to get some very beautiful effects with them by very simple means. Noël Eadie, suffering from a chill, showed the advantage of a thoroughly trained voice as Queen of the Night, and I liked the quiet inconspicuousness of the Danish tenor Thorkild Noval as Tamino. Aulikki Rautawaara, the Finnish soprano who took the part last season, is both in looks and vocally an ideal Pamina. Hans Oppenheim conducted in the place of Fritz Busch, who conducted *Die Zauberflöte* last year, and the difference was not to be overlooked by any serious music-lover. This difference would also serve to point a moral. Glyndebourne has achieved its fame only by superlative excellence. Under Hans Oppenheim the orchestral playing dropped quite perceptibly in intensity, in subtlety and in precision to something like the average level in a good opera house. This may be good, but it is not good enough for Glyndebourne.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Boy Meets Girl," at the Shaftesbury

If children can get themselves born like rabbits, in litters of four or five or seven, they are written up by the press as if they were film stars. In fact they become film stars. This silly stunt presumably is made possible by the increasing rarity of large families—our grandmothers who bore fourteen children without expecting special notice to be taken of the fact would hardly have been awed by the spectacle of Mrs. Dionne's fecundity. *Boy Meets Girl* is the story of a child who is made a film star, as a Spanish King was crowned, before birth. It is the best sort of harsh American satire, fizzling with wise-cracks. There is a mild love-story between the baby's cretinous mother and an English boob, but the heroes are the two hard-boiled high-brow scenario-writers, who have taken the measure of their grotesque employers, and are cashing in on Hollywood folly with an impudence fortified by disgust. Mr. Donald Macdonald and Mr. Clifton Sundberg play this pair quite beautifully. Indeed all the acting of this American cast is excellent, and they are produced by Mr. George Abbott, who knows his job as well as anyone in the world. If anyone wonders why the theatre is taken more seriously in America than it is here, they have only to see this play and *Three Men on a Horse*, both farces, but how brilliantly performed! American actors sink themselves in their parts so wholeheartedly that you feel that they are not actors, but racing-toughs or Hollywood guys put on to play themselves. *Boy Meets Girl* is a prodigiously amusing play, and you are recommended to go to it quickly. For though it has had a deservedly enthusiastic press, we are not confident that it will have a long run. The British playgoer detests satire.

"The Marriage of Corbal," at the Leicester Square

Since Mr. Korda discovered his formula for putting a certain sparkle into British films, so that our best could be likened without shame to the ordinary run of American movies, and now that we have all become convinced that British documentaries are the top, we have tended to forget how deplorably bad, on the whole, the films of this country still are. By the easy expedient of hardly ever seeing a British film and of appreciating the ones we do see as wholeheartedly as patriotism checked by conscience will allow, we contrive to suppose that British films really aren't so bad. Anyone who clings to this comforting illusion—which it has taken us some years, after all, to acquire—should carefully avoid the picture under review. It may be objected that to call this "a typical British" film is unfair—but the profusion of its accents, the uniformity of its dullness, its ridiculous staginess, make it all too typical. Our big films, as opposed to the negligible easy-going farces produced for home consumption, usually achieve their peculiar white-elephantine proportions of incompetence by international means. Too many cooks of any one nationality—even English—could not spoil a well-meant dish so thoroughly as this story by Rafael Sabatini has been spoiled. It needed a babel of incomprehension to produce romanticism so *raté*, sex-appeal so *kitschig*, drama so boring, and dialogue so bum. Messrs. Noah Beery and Hugh Sinclair struggled manfully in this welter of misdirection, and Miss Hazel Terry kept a stiff upper-class lip in the face of absurdity; but their united efforts could not alter the issue. This year was bound to give us a British film even worse than *The Tunnel;* and here it is.

"Corot to Cézanne" at the Lefèvre Gallery

Degas at Agnew's, Corot, Sisley and Renoir at Tooth's, Daumier at the Leicester Galleries, and now four roomfuls of pictures at the Lefèvre Gallery—the prodigious cornucopia of nineteenth-century French painting is showering on London an apparently inexhaustible supply of masterpieces. A nobly constructed Pissarro, an early Monet with a richness of texture which he later lost (both pictures which ought to be in the Tate), an exquisite Courbet of a beach, a number of ravishing Renoirs of all periods, a rich Degas of an actress, another of *danseuses*, the famous Manet *Le Linge*, a miraculously luminous Seurat—these are Old Masters of the first order. And if anyone still wonders why the name of Cézanne has been a flag for all serious modern painters and connoisseurs—look at the four Cézannes. Almost everything good in contemporary painting is here implicit. If the *Renoir Fillette au Chapeau* is as good as a good Rubens (and it is), these Cézannes will stand up to any picture ever painted.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, June 6th—
- Ben Greet Players in "Twelfth Night," Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, June 7th—
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "English Intellectuals: True and False," Conway Hall, 11.
- Maurice Cornforth on "The Logic of Hegel," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
- "The Peace" of Aristophanes, Westminster Theatre.

MONDAY, June 8th—
- Prof. Ernest Barker on "Education for Citizenship," Institute of Education, Southampton Row, 5.30.
- "Miss Smith," Duke of York's Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, June 10th—
- Seeing London Tour in Aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund. The Air Port of London, 2. Tickets (7*s.* 6*d.*) obtainable from the Secretary.

THURSDAY, June 11th—
- International Surrealist Exhibition, New Burlington Gallery.
- "Kind Lady," Lyric Theatre.
- "No More Peace," Gate Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IT would be difficult to imagine the landscape of England, social as well as physical, without its pairs of unmarried ladies who set up house together and, often after strenuous lives devoted to remedying some aspect of our heritage of man-made injustice and cruelty, spend their later years in beautifying some garden, acclimatising alpine plants on the Sussex clay, or chalk, and "scoring off" their friends and neighbours at tea-time by giving them the specially large and finely ripened strawberries, pears, or grapes which they alone in the neighbourhood can bring to perfection. Such pairs of admirable ladies are as characteristic of England as hedges, grass tennis courts and public schools. They are, of course, the surplus women of the English upper classes who have been left to solve the problem of what to make of their lives by themselves. They do not feel surplus and their problem has often presented no difficulties at all. The idea that one way of "getting rid of them" would be to make them enter a convent would horrify them almost as much as the idea that they could be married if they could induce their male acquaintances to embrace polygamy. Such extreme solutions of their problem would be repulsive. They have preferred freedom, that is to say, the economic freedom to own stocks and shares and political freedom to sit in Parliament and on juries and to vote. But what have they done with the tormenting human heart, full of lust and pride and passion? That is a very unnecessary question, and the answer, naturally, varies according to circumstances. But in many cases they have treated it like other objects which are inconvenient and dangerous or too valuable to have lying about, they have done it up in a neat parcel and locked it up in a drawer and they get along very nicely as they are, just as their brothers manage to exist without cutting throats or fighting duels. Affection—they are warm-hearted women—and a sense of humour are pleasanter than lust and passion; pleasanter to live with and pleasanter for oneself. And sharing a joke can be very intimate indeed; if the ladies catch the twinkle in each other's eyes and laugh over the same things and regard themselves and each other as rather humorous, they get perhaps as close to each other as decent English people find convenient. The place for unbridled physical passion is, of course, in Shakespeare and not in daily life.

* * *

Yet these pairs of ladies are a recent innovation. They did not exist in the eighteenth century when an unprotected female could not, respectably, remain at large. According to Dr. Mary Gordon, the author of *Chase of the Wild Goose, the story of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, known as the Ladies of Llangollen* (Hogarth Press, 10*s.* 6*d.*), the subjects of her biography were the first pair of ladies to be allowed to set up house together. In some respects they were very different from the majority of such pairs to-day, for the circumstances which brought them together were unusual. Eleanor Butler had been educated in a French convent. It will help us to understand her subsequent life if we picture it as very like the convent in Diderot's *La Religieuse* and imagine her as one of the young girls that had passed through the hands of the Mother Superior in that astonishing creation. She returned to her family living in Kilkenny Castle, where she showed an unmaidenly love of male costume and outdoor life. She was extremely well-connected, her family offered ten thousand pounds with her, she was intelligent and attractive to men, but she resolutely refused to get married. The idea filled her with abhorrence and she supported her objections on the highest grounds. Years went by; she became a nuisance to her family and finally a scandal. One day, Sarah Ponsonby, a lovely orphan of eighteen, paid a visit to Kilkenny Castle and Eleanor Butler, by that time a woman of thirty-four, fell passionately in love with her and her love was returned. For three years they were only able to see each other occasionally and carry on a clandestine correspondence. Miss Butler was sent to London and an incident which occurred on the journey gives us some idea of the determination and independence of her character. The chaise in which she was travelling stopped at Llangollen and while her companions sat in the inn parlour, she went for a walk, saw a cottage for sale, visited the agent and bought it for cash down out of her dress allowance. She then proceeded to London without mentioning what she had done to anybody. By the time she was thirty-seven her family were prepared to let her go—but how was Sarah Ponsonby, then only twenty-one, to get away? Luckily Sir William Fownes, in whose house the lovely orphan was being brought up, made odious advances to her and it was plain that Sarah was justified in flying from his roof. What the ladies would have done if Sir William had not so opportunely disgraced himself we cannot tell. However, they showed no signs of being grateful to him, but the reverse. A first attempt at flight was a fiasco, but after it they succeeded, partly by determination, partly owing to Sir William's fear of a domestic scandal, in being allowed to leave Ireland. Eleanor Butler was given six hundred and Sarah Ponsonby two hundred a year, and they proceeded to Plas Newydd where they lived together for fifty years, sharing the same bedroom and the same bed and passionately in love until their deaths. They never left the cottage, which they transformed by collecting old oak and stained glass and knick-knacks into the extraordinary object which it is to-day. They had plenty of society, since they were just off the high road by which travellers went to Ireland, and they seem to have lived in a social whirl.

* * *

Such is the story which Dr. Mary Gordon has to tell, but her method of doing so is singular indeed. *Chase of the Wild Goose* is conceived with the most absolute freedom from the usual fetters of the biographer. Dr. Mary Gordon tells the story in invented conversations, for some of which, one supposes, she has documentary evidence. For example, Miss Butler, who always called Miss Ponsonby "my beloved," may have called her a wild rose and have used the words of the marriage service to describe their attachment, or she may not. In the last chapter Dr. Mary Gordon describes several discussions she has had with the ladies' ghosts and claims to be psychically agreeable to their dog, which thumps with a ghostly tail on her approach. This need deceive no one—it is a device by which we (and the ladies) are told what has happened to the position of women since their deaths. The only surprise is that these old aristocrats, friends of Burke and the Duke of Wellington, should profess themselves delighted when they are told about birth control. This imaginative hybrid of biography and fiction can only succeed in the hands of genius. In *Flush* Virginia Woolf employed it with triumphant success, and *Chase of the Wild Goose* shows the influence of *Flush* and of *Orlando*. The subject would, I think, delight Virginia Woolf. Dr. Mary Gordon, however, though extremely competent, is a sentimental writer. When the two ladies danced a reel at the Rotunda Ball:

> The spirit that moved them was not the bacchanalian spirit of harvest time, but rather that of rushing streams and fertilising winds, the spirit that blows where it lists, the spirit of freedom—the wind that had blown through Tara's halls, and through the souls of all Irish people.

At Plas Newydd they made a drinking fountain out of an ancient font.

> The little erection was not the less the beginning of a church because it was now chiefly at the disposal of elves, water nixies and woodland creatures and dripping with water and covered with moss.

The Ladies are smothered and obscured by daydreams about Ireland, *Noblesse Oblige*, and women. In short, there is a strange discrepancy between the imagination which was obviously fired by the story and the hand which wrote the book.

DAVID GARNETT

THE UR-MARX

From Hegel to Marx. By SIDNEY HOOK. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

From Hegel to Marx is a very important book. It is the first really scholarly work on the origins of Marxism to appear in English, and it is the first study, which I have read, to make full use either of Marx's own philosophical works, or of those of his contemporaries. Mr. Hook's erudition is enormous. He has waded through the young Hegelians and the critical theologians, and he has soaked himself in the watery sermonisings of Feuerbach. His self-sacrifice has been rewarded, for it has thrown a flood of light upon the Ur-Marx, the philosopher who played a certain role in German politics before 1848, a figure strangely disregarded by many Englishmen who assume that his career started and ended in the British Museum Reading Room.

Mr. Hook makes it clear that Marx's philosophical development was completed before he came to England. The *Weltanschauung* was fixed, and all that was left was to fill in the details. But when we ask how Marx came to adopt Dialectical Materialism, we are struck by one remarkable fact. Marx based his theory upon the needs of the proletariat. Ideas, in his view, always fail in so far as they are divorced from interests: they can only be effective when they are an expression of class interests. We might have expected that Marx, holding this view, would have made a careful study of proletarian psychology, lived with working-class people, found out what they wanted and how they spent their time. Not a bit of it! He knew in advance what their needs were, just as he knew in advance that they really wanted better wages, and didn't really want religion or art or music. Again, Marx attached considerable importance to the word "class." We might have expected him for this reason to undertake a careful study of class groupings and to determine by scientific observations the nature of the conflicts in society. Not a bit of it! He knew in advance that there were two classes in conflict and no more, because if there were more than two the dialectical system would not work. Throughout the whole of this period and up to 1848 he remained a pure philosopher—an academic condemning his fellow academics for their failure to unify theory and practice.

Marxism in fact was not at this time a scientific analysis of society, but a theory of the relations between science and religion, constructed by *a priori* criticism of the Hegelian dialectic. Riemann constructed a new geometry on non-Euclidian maxims. To do so he did not need to leave his study or to observe the world. The same is true of Marx, who drew the speculative consequences of turning Hegel topsy-turvy by substituting in his theory social conflict for the Hegelian idea as the cause of historical change. The class struggle is the logical outcome of reversing the Hegelian dialectic. Marx did not derive the formula from the study of history, but deduced the formula philosophically and then re-wrote history to fit it.

His philosophy, like all philosophies, was an interpretation of the world. But what world did it interpret? Not the real world of political strife, but the brittle sphere of theological and philosophical controversy in which as an educated German Liberal he was spiritually imprisoned. For this reason, his philosophy could not fail to be academic: its battles were the shadow battles of the schools, its victories were celebrated over opposition cliques whose ephemeral fame indicates only the sterility of the milieu in which they flourished. The only way of ridding a German of the Hegelian virus is to put his nose right into the facts. Unfortunately, the young Marx concentrated his attention on Bauer and Stirner and Feuerbach instead, and so, instead of breaking free to study the variety of a world where dialectics don't work, he only reinterpreted Hegel and produced yet another of those portentous logical constructions of professional German industry. It is not the fault of Mr. Hook that his book is deadly dull. The subject is deadly dull because German philosophical squabbles of the 1840's have no significance for us to-day and Marx's philosophisings were just part of these squabbles.

Perhaps after all the really important Marx was not the second-rate German philosopher but the social historian in the British Museum reading room. What a contrast there is between the querulous intellectualism of the early works and the penetration and insight of his analysis of capitalism and of his later political judgments! In social science Marx effected a real revolution: he made men see the world around them differently. But unfortunately it was not the social historian but the philosopher whom continental Socialism deified: it is Marxismn not *Das Kapital* which has shaped the creed and the policy of the German working classes. Marx is famous to-day for two reasons: first because few of his followers could read him and therefore crude popularisations of his theories were produced, hopelessly unscientific but palatable to the semi-educated; secondly because a series of fine slogans could be extracted from his works: "The dictatorship of the Proletariat," "The Class-War," "Religion is the Opium of the People," "Workers of the World Unite!" which stimulated an attitude of defiance to the old order and by the success of their mythological appeal proved (long before the coming of Hitler) that a political philosophy is not judged on its verifiability but accepted for its emotive value. If it feels fine it goes.

The Socialist, who wishes to honour Marx for his real merits as a social scientist, would throw his philosophy overboard and would try to analyse the present economic order with the same attention to detail and detachment which Marx gave to his analysis of the 1850's. Instead of shouting his slogans as a somewhat dubious method of inculcating left-wing fervour and international good-will, he would give thanks for the congenital inability of Englishmen to swallow Hegel and their deep-seated suspicions of all philosophies of history. Unschooled in dialectics, he would try to base his Socialism, not on a dreary exegesis of Marxian texts, but on a scientific study of the world we live in. Everyone who still believes that there is something in dialectical materialism must read Mr. Hook. I guarantee that if he gets to the end he will be disillusioned.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

SHAKESPEAREANA

A Study of Love's Labour's Lost. By FRANCES A. YATES. *Cambridge University Press.* 8s. 6d.

Principles of Shakespearian Production. By G. WILSON KNIGHT. *Faber and Faber.* 10s. 6d.

Lost Plays of Shakespeare's Age. By C. J. SISSON. *Cambridge University Press.* 12s. 6d.

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mongering" heresy of the Victorians, but other heresies lie in wait for us. Granville Barker and other pioneers have shown how Shakespeare can be produced, but the average performance is still an agony and an insult. We have a small mountain of deductions about the Elizabethan theatre, but are still guessing about some important sides of it. This is a melancholy prologue for three interesting books. "Pox, leave thy damnable faces and begin."

What exactly "the industrious master Shakespeare" and his contemporaries thought of one another is a mystery. What part did he take in the Harvey-Nashe squabble or in the Poetomachia? Who is the rival poet of the sonnets? What were his politics? How much topical matter in his plays escaped us on its way to the printer? Miss Yates has partly answered these questions by thoroughly annotating Holofernes. Though *Love's Labour's Lost* has long been known to be the most topical play in the canon Miss Yates successfully avoids the temptation to provide a complete and rigid key to it. She announces her discoveries modestly and produces all her evidence and arguments as though that Devil's Advocate who so rarely visits scholars were her best friend. There can now be no doubt that Eliot, the Rabelaisian author of Orthoepia Gallica, and his enemy Florio have a great deal to do with *Love's Labour's Lost*. It is also clear that Chapman and the Raleigh circle were indirectly hit at in the play. Miss Yates has found in the Record Office an essay by my Lord of Northumberland "On the entertainment of a Mistress being inconsistent with the Pursuit of Learning" which is a valuable addition to the available evidence on the attack by Bruno and others on Sidney's sonnets to Stella. This, together with a full statement of the Gesta Grayorum dispute, completes the play's jigsaw of innuendo. Miss Yates is polite to Warburton, who first identified Holofernes as Florio. Warburton would have liked this book, and no one who is interested in Shakespeare's friends and enemies can afford to miss it.

Mr. Wilson Knight has written several books analysing the patterns of Shakespeare's plays, and he refers us to them in this one rather too often. He sees each play as a "close-interwoven texture of personal thinking with some objective and pre-existent story." He has been mainly concerned with Shakespeare's imagery and "symbolism." He holds that the plays are dominated by certain "themes" which repeat, vary, and interact as in a symphony. He rightly insists that every play must be seen as a whole, but seems also to be falling into the dangerous habit of finding in the Works seen as a whole a spiritual pilgrimage to Christianity. His researches into the themes have led him to conclude that the last plays are "visions of immortality crowning Shakespeare's work," and that *Henry VIII* is free from Fletcher, and not only the master's most Christian play, but one of his greatest. He also suggests that the themes are employed as Ibsen used symbols or Wagner leitmotivs—that they are a method rather than a symptom. This volume is an account of how Mr. Knight has applied his theories in production. It contains descriptions of his own productions, and of some others which he would consider ideal. In each of them selected symbols are duly emphasised. An actor is praised for acting Tybalt in a cat-like manner. The ideal stage-set for Macbeth has a raised throne facing a Madonna and Child, and after Macbeth's death—"If it could be somehow arranged for Macbeth to lie in two pieces before the Madonna, so much the better." Too often Mr. Knight's suggestions remind one of the cruder symbol thumping in *From Morn To Midnight*. And why need he tell us that "Textile fabrics are naturally apt to oriental plays: hence again these dominant symbols, the carpet and the handkerchief in *Hassan* and *Othello*"?

Professor Sisson is not immediately concerned with Shakespeare. His interest is in libel, lewd jigs, ballads and other Star Chamber matters. Ben Jonson's remark to Drummond that half of his comedies were not in print, though no doubt an exaggeration, is disturbing. Henslowe's records include many lost plays, and the usual explanations that the *Love's Labour's Won* in Meres is an alternative title for *Much Ado* or another extant comedy do not convince. Mr. Sisson explains the workings of the various courts in which libelled persons could reclaim the jewel reputation. We are given all the material from which Chapman made the lost *Old Joiner of Aldgate*. To-day it would be fine copy for the dirtier Sunday papers. It is one of those heiress hunts which were such a popular Elizabethan pastime. *Keep the Widow Waking* by Dekker, Rowley, Ford, and Webster is a similarly scandalous affair of which all that is extant is in the delightful depositions of expert perjurers. The court proceedings throw light on the attitude of the law towards the players, the dangers of being libellous and the habits of collaboration common among playwrights at the time.

Mr. Sisson has also unearthed from legal records two jigs which were acted to the disturbance of the King's peace in Osmotherly and in Shropshire. They are not altogether lacking in literary merit, and probably resemble in form and material the afterpieces which were performed in the London theatres and appear never to have been printed. Perhaps the jigs were after the model of the *commedia dell' arte*, and explain the many references to the quick comedians staging people extempore. Mr. Sisson also presents an account of the May Games at Wells in which a constable was mocked, a ballad and a satire on the same subject, and two straightforward libels from Stratford and Nottingham. He has a theory of the May Game likely to be disagreeable to anthropologists. The problem of the singing, dancing, and gagging comedian is, however, still a difficult one. Why, for instance, do so many irrelevant clown and musician scenes pop up in the middle of Shakespearean plays? And why are they usually so remarkably unfunny?

FREDERICK LAWS

ARE GUNS OBSOLETE?

The War of the Guns. By AUBREY WADE, with an Introduction by EDMUND BLUNDEN. *Batsford. 7s. 6d.*

As Mr. Blunden calls it in his Introduction, this is a very honest and clear recital. Mr. Wade volunteered for the Horse Artillery early in the great war, but a gunner needs a lot of training, and he did not reach the front till 1917. There he stayed till the Armistice, and he tells his experiences during the interval with singular accuracy, free from rhetoric. Diaries were forbidden during the war, though I kept one myself at the various fronts where I was stationed as correspondent, and one might suppose that Mr. Wade did the same, for he follows the dates exactly. He tells of the Ypres salient, the mud of Passchendaele, the terrible German attack of March, 1918, when our line was so nearly broken, and our final advance in the following August.

All war is necessarily atrocious, and the writer does not gloss over its horror. He shows us the monotony varied by recurrent terror, the anguish of wounds, the pitiless death, the filth, the rats, the lice, the increasing brutality and callousness, the collapse of all human decency, the long queues of men and officers waiting at the doors of the brothels just beyond the range of the guns. His hideous story is illustrated by copious photographs now in the Imperial War Museum, almost miraculously taken by the official photographers, and one or two scenes painted by the official artists.

It is difficult to select passages from the terrible narrative, but as an example of what mere habit can do, let me take this event from the account of Mr. Wade's advance in support across the running stream of Steenbeck:

> Here was a bridge, composed of a compact mass of dead bodies, over which I skipped gingerly. I was not at all squeamish, the sight of dead men having lost its terror for me, but making use of corpses, even enemy corpses, for bridge-building purposes seemed about the limit of callousness. The major said nothing, but stopped to light his pipe on the further bank of the stream.

Once while withdrawn to a "rest" behind the lines he was severely punished by a sergeant-major for some small breach of rules, but another unfortunate also incurred the displeasure of the martinet and "my punishment was mild compared with his":

> He had been sentenced to six days' No. 1 Field. Every afternoon in the broiling sun he was tied up by his hands and feet to the spokes of a wagon wheel for two hours, attended by a guard. . . . Regularly at two o'clock in the afternoon he was led out to be crucified and as regularly the sight of it lashed us into indignation, and there were loud murmurings about putting a stop to it.

To the credit of a party of Australians who were passing, their corporal did put a stop to it. Three days in succession he cut the leather straps and released the tortured man.

One noticeable thing about the record is that the writer never once saw a German in action till the time of the great German assault. Where are the days when soldiers were ordered to hold their fire till they could see the whites of the enemies' eyes? As he says, this was a war of guns. Mr. Blunden truly remarks, a new principle was at work—ever more and more guns to work it. But he then raises the question whether the methods of the great war will ever be repeated. "Battering-ram and elephants left the field, and the super-bombardment passes with them into strange

history." I cannot doubt myself that in the next great war, which so many see approaching, the place of the guns will be taken by bombs and poison gas flung from the air. The war in Abyssinia has taught us that lesson. In the House of Lords on May 12th, Lord Mottistone defended the barbarity of the Italian use of poison gas as being no worse than the dum-dum bullets which the Abyssinians were reported to have used. It is true that a dum-dum bullet is a terrible weapon. I have seen one enter the forehead as a small hole and blow the back of the head away. Still, a bullet is aimed and kills one man, but a bomb or gas is thrown promiscuously with the purpose of killing as large a number as possible of men, women, and children alike. If we come to an estimate of barbarity, there is no comparison, and in the next great war it will be the civilian population that will suffer most. Perhaps it is some consolation to reflect that the ministers and dictators who make the war will be as much exposed to the risk of death as the rest of us.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

MARRIAGE HO!

The Future of Marriage in Western Civilisation. By EDWARD WESTERMARCK. *Macmillan.* 12s. 6d.

Marriage, insists Dr. Westermarck, arose out of the family; neither logically nor historically does it precede it. At all times it has corresponded in varying degrees of contingency to three necessities: the need of sexual gratification, the need of inter-sex relationships of secondary or "higher" kinds, and the necessities arising out of procreation. He is optimistic about marriage, he believes it will continue, but with Dr. Ellis is of the opinion that "we may reasonably expect in the future a slow but steady increase in the recognition, and even extension, of those variations of the monogamic order which have, in reality, never ceased to exist." He means, of course, an increase of public toleration, not of legal recognition. Neither these modes of sexual behaviour nor the extension of divorce will greatly endanger marriage. As he points out, 60 per cent. of divorcees in England remarry; indeed, a very large proportion of them divorce for that purpose. Divorce itself may prove to be a support for the institution of marriage.

Dr. Westermarck's methods in this volume are those which have so soundly served him in his previous work on the history of human marriage. It is a sober, precisely stated and well-documented piece of work, and of humane temper. At times, I think, his distrust of undocumented speculation may have led him to be unduly legalistic. All that he says of the outlook of the Roman jurists, for example, surely is not relevant only to that stage in the history of marriage. It might serve as a statement of sophisticated morality and custom in many contemporary Christian societies. But his documentation does not lead the author into the sin of sterile pedantry and it is significant that he makes good use of the speculations of writers, such as Bertrand Russell, who begin principally from a psychological basis.

Nevertheless, I am compelled to make one criticism. There is in this book no very serious discussion of the part played by the family as a unit or member of the body of society, a body at present in rapid evolution. Surely any discussion of the future of marriage should confront such problems, if the statement that marriage arose out of the family is to be taken seriously? A peasant or a fishing family formed a pragmatically perfect member of a non-industrial society, it needed children much more than in an instinctive sense. Can the family be given an equally vital role to play in any reasonable order of society which may emerge from the present chaos? On the continuance of the property motive, on the endurance of the present form of individualism, upon the vicissitudes of a religion which began with the belief that marriage was the least unclean way of satisfying sexual needs, so much would seem to depend. And, more subtly, if the success of an individual marriage depends upon the whole character of its parties, then the character-forming qualities of a society are important in this respect. The family as an economic unit has been endangered, I think, by the form industrialism has taken. The increasing sense of impending disaster, of purposelessness, of idiocy almost, which hangs over contemporary society, the lack of corporative enthusiasm which, to quote no prophets of mine, Mr. Gill and Mr. Chesterton have denounced, are surely enormous factors in the case. This, I suppose, is what is denounced by Conservatives under the name of "modern decadence." In the last resort there can be no individual solution, nor any purely legal solution of sex problems. In a society otherwise healthy,

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mankind is sufficiently sane to preserve sane sexual institutions. The absence of adequate treatment of this aspect of the matter is distinctly a weak point in Dr. Westermarck's book; it does not prevent it, however, from being of great utility.

RALPH BATES

THE POWERS OF GEOGRAPHY

The Twilight of Treaties. By Y. M. GOBLET. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Stiffish for the general reader, and, at times, rather recklessly written, this little book will come as a useful surprise to all those who are inclined to neglect their geography. It is a pity that the author often presents his very detailed knowledge with such breathlessness. That the translator is also at fault in providing such shocks as "outjuts" is a small thing compared to the headlong way in which the author tows one, for example, over nine repetitions, in nine consecutive lines, of the word "geography."

M. Goblet begins by explaining the reasons why what is usually meant by "political geography" has earned its unpleasant reputation. Geography, in his view, still occupies a position analogous to astrology: it must be astronomised. The past has been content to superimpose upon the physical, the historical, the anthropological and the economic maps, a political map based upon no ideas less elementary than those of *raubwirtschaft*. (Rivers, for example, unite more than they divide, yet rivers are still considered to form "natural boundaries.") The nationalism of the nineteenth century, inflamed at Versailles by the dissolution of the German and Austrian Empires and by the principle of "self-determination," has lately engendered, in Germany, a further and extreme perversion called "Geopolitik." Here, jingoism enlists the help of third-rate mystics and race-addicts, such as Rosenberg, to aggravate the erroneous and haphazard conclusions of the geographers of the past. The State becomes the only god; minorities are swallowed; an impossible self-sufficiency is proclaimed the goal, and tariffs soar; wars of conquest are projected in the name of legitimate expansion, and the nation becomes at once dangerous, and, unknown to itself, doomed, as, indeed, the whole of Europe, if it continues in its present political orientation, is doomed.

M. Goblet's plea is for a fresh application of the science of geography wherein natural phenomena (among which "race" is only one of many interdependent considerations) shall govern political decisions. He maintains, with a certain ingenuousness, that when nations quarrel it is because they do not understand the point at issue, and he asserts that there is always a solution if the matter is scientifically approached. In support of this, he is able to quote the very satisfactory Hague Court decisions on the dispute between Denmark and Norway over Greenland. A possible flaw, nevertheless, in M. Goblet's attitude is his optimism in assuming that what the world really wants is the solution rather than the problem.

An excellent, if compressed, illustration of this Natural Geography, as it might be called, is contained in the following paragraph.

> Geographically, Danzig is the port of the Vistula Basin, and consequently, of the Polish State, of which that basin is the centre. Demographically, Danzig is German. A Polish port, and a German city, it should normally be external to both States alike: a Free City, with commerce as its vocation, subject to no hindrance, economic or political.

Vienna is considered on similar lines. Its natural function is as the centre of the Danubian complex, as the Emporium of Central Europe, and its problem, which is making it to-morrow's Sarajevo, is the direct and typical consequence of the usual contemporary sacrifice of geographical laws to racial hysterics. A Danube Customs Union is, of course, the only answer, as much for the sake of her neighbours as for Vienna. Yet "Geopolitik" surrounds Austria, and the *anschluss* with Germany, which is as unscientific as it is unnecessary, seems to many the only way out. They forget that it is also the way to war.

War, to date, has been the great geographer. That we should, and can, improve on this M. Goblet is convinced. Treaties wither and die on every hand, and misguided diplomats either insist on their posthumous observance, or threaten war, in defiance of a changing world. The author deals with many sections of the globe and it is impossible to do more here than say that he finds some considerable evidence for hope. As a final example, and one in which he points out that inevitable future troubles were avoided by an objective approach, there is the rejection by Denmark of the lower half of the Schleswig. It was offered to her in 1918 by the Allies, and gave her back, without doubt, no more than her thousand-year-old frontier. It is marked by the historic Danevirke ramparts, and one can imagine the deafening rumpus that Hitler would have made with a similar opportunity to recover ancient German fortifications. (Built by beautiful, manly, cultivated, simple, warlike, peaceable, golden-haired, cornflower-eyed Graeco-Teutonic athletes wreathed in silver foxes and clanking lockets *style Munich* 1910.) Denmark refused the gift, since Flensborg, the principal town, had become, since 1864, mainly German. The result to-day is that Denmark has no frontier problem, although it goes without saying that the *Verführer* is doing his best.

BRIAN HOWARD

LA VILLE LUMIERE

Paris 1870-1935. By JULES BERTAUT. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The content of this book is much more adequately suggested by its French title, *L'Opinion et les Moeurs sous la troisième République*. It is journalism, but good journalism in its way—brisk and informative. The whole period flickers by, with its changing "atmospheres," its fashions in dress, amusement and art, its political and financial crises, its presidents, anarchists, opera dancers, and leaders of society. Its favourite bits of gossip are repeated—and seem rather flat now. Its enthusiasms are recalled—and seem much funnier than the anecdotes. For instance, the lyrical effusions to which Frenchmen were inspired by the safety bicycle.

> The beauty of the bicycle (wrote Maurice Le Blanc) resides in its sincerity. It conceals nothing. All its workings are open and visible and proclaim aloud their end, which is to go quickly, lightly and quietly. What more symbolic of speed than those two equal wheels, their spokes distended and quivering, like the veritable nerves of a body, two infinite and eternal legs without beginning or end? What more eloquent of stability and security than that lean and vigorous skeleton, those handle-bars like reins of steel? It is from this double conception of security and speed that the inner harmony of the bicycle derives a profound and indisputable beauty of logic.

The safety bicycle jostles the Dreyfus case on one side, and the contemporary theatre on the other; M. Bertaut appears to forget nothing, and certainly never gives us time to be bored. Yet the total effect is not lively, but insidiously depressing. The book's moral, not expressed, perhaps not intended, yet pervasive, is "Le peu que sont les hommes!" Sometimes this littleness figures as a quite pleasant naiveté, as when we see eminent men writing outraged letters to *Le Temps* about the Eiffel Tower—

> How much longer is the City of Paris to be a playground for these barbarous and sordid imaginations, which disfigure and dishonour her? . . .

—or when Edmond de Goncourt, thrilled by the Tower in spite of himself, solemnly describes his impressions on going up it, and his later impressions on visiting the rue de Cairo in the Exhibition—"All the lascivious curiosity of Paris converges there at night to watch the huge Africans with their naïve obscene gestures"—and the eminent novelist, as in duty bound, goes to watch the lascivious curiosity of Paris: human nature—it behoves that he know it. But even in these trifles the cumulative impression of futility is rather grim, and when we come to serious matters—in short, to the war—it becomes devastating. We are shown frivolity provoking the crisis: M. Bertaut quotes from *The Renaissance of French Pride*, published in 1912.

> The man of arms has taken his revenge upon the narrow ideologues and windy pacifists. All those outbursts against the horror of war have suddenly ceased, for once again men have come to realise the essential civil virtue of war, the exaltation which it induces in the spirit of mankind. . . . We come to lose our belief in the virtues of weakness, in the shoddy humanitarianism inextricably tangled up with democratic progress.

Then the "exalting," or at any rate serious moment comes, and demands an adequate response—but none is forthcoming. We are shown the "essential civil virtue" of war as it works out. Triviality is the unfailing response of human nature, or at least of the group mind, to any stimulus whatever.

Perhaps M. Bertaut did not mean to imply all that, but certainly he ends on a note of gloom. Paris the city of gaiety, he tells us, is no more. It has become "a *triste* city," and appears likely to remain so. Unluckily he has not succeeded in making its "great days" seem much worth regretting.

K. JOHN

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POET *VERSUS* PHILOSOPHER

Lucretius: Poet and Philosopher. By E. E. SIKES. *Cambridge University Press.* 7s. 6d.

It was time that the great Roman philosopher-poet received the homage of a new study of his work, and the President of St. John's College, Cambridge, is not unworthy of the task. His brief chapters on the life and art of Lucretius and on the Epicurean creed present an admirable summary of a difficult subject, much clarified recently by the labours of Dr. Bailey, Giussani and others. Mr. Sikes has the whole literature, ancient and modern, at his command, and his book will be of great value to students of the original. They will note with interest that in his judgment of the Epicurean philosophy he is nearer to Dr. Bailey than to Professor A. E. Taylor, who regards the system as "a clumsy amalgam of inconsistent beliefs."

But is Mr. Sikes addressing himself to the scholar or to the general reader? To both, say the publishers, hopefully; but such impartiality is not easy to achieve in practice. For example, is the reader supposed to understand Latin or not? If not, he will be annoyed to find many single phrases and lines quoted without translation; if so, he would rather have the longer quotations in the majestic original than in the author's capable but not inspired blank verse. Accurate translation of verse into verse seems always a hopeless enterprise. Consider the opening of the tremendous epilogue of the third book which attempts to bludgeon mankind out of the fear of death: *Nil igitur mors est ad nos, neque pertinet hilum;* what is left of the spondaic hammer-strokes in the suave English:

> To us, then, death is nothing, and no whit
> Concerns us . . .?

The most interesting and, I think, the most original chapters in Mr. Sikes' book are the first two on the Genius and Art of Lucretius. These pages, if less generative of enthusiasm than Sellar's *Roman Poets of the Republic*, will recall to many readers the thrill with which they first encountered those Cyclopean phrases (such as *flammantia moenia mundi*, "the flaming ramparts of the universe"), the precise, sometimes touching, observation of nature and man revealed in the homely illustrative examples, and the solemnity of the great imaginative flights, far transcending the rhetoric of which they were born. Mr. Sikes devotes a long discussion to the celebrated Invocation to Venus, a puzzling feature in a work which denies and attacks popular religion: "to the philosopher," he concludes, "Greek myths were worse than useless; but Lucretius was more than a philosopher"; the poet in him yearned for the beauty of the old myths, and the Invocation represents a temporary victory of poet over philosopher. Mr. Sikes aptly compares the wistful regret in Yeats' lines:

> The woods of Arcady are dead,
> And over is their antique joy;
> Of old the world on dreaming fed;
> Grey truth is now her painted toy;
> Yet still she turns her restless head.

But very often the poet was utterly routed by the philosopher and—worse still—by the lecturer in Atomism: it is going too far to deny the existence in Lucretius of "arid wastes of dry argument," even if we attempt to cover our position by recalling Poe's remark that "a long poem consists of flat passages interwoven with a series of inspired moments." The nods of Homer and the flats of Milton are on quite a different plane from those long stretches of the *De Rerum Natura* whose manner can best be suggested to the English reader by cognate passages in Robert Bridges' *Testament of Beauty*:

> On no hand is't deny'd that terms of Right and Wrong
> are wholly pertinent to man's condition on earth.

It does no service to a great but unequal poet to place him in the highest category of all, with Sophocles and Virgil and Dante. We do not speak of *their* flights: they are always on the wing.

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A friend of mine, who appreciates the company of his highbrow acquaintances but is apt to deplore their occasional deviations from sound common sense and good behaviour, was asked the other day where he intended to spend his Whitsun holidays. "At Le Touquet—golfing," he replied. Asked of whom his golfing party consisted—"Extraverts!" he responded, with a touch of defiant bitterness in his tone. But the Complete Extravert, alas, is a type of which even Le Touquet provides relatively few examples. It remains something that should be, rather than something that definitely is—a splendid abstraction towards which we yearn in fancy but very seldom encounter in the real world. Yet literature continues to reflect our longings. From Odysseus to the tough hero of an American novel, a succession of imaginary figures have underlined the contrast between the muddled and unsatisfactory business that we most of us make of our own lives, and life as we should prefer to be able to live it—all of a piece, rapidly, self-confidently and, whether for good or bad, without a single lapse into bathos. Hence the attraction of detective novels for highbrows; of vivid, straightforward narrative for readers whom a course of modern fiction has left uncertain whether they are standing on their head or on their heels. Few contemporary novelists possess the invaluable gift of telling a plain story so simply and convincingly that our attention is nailed down to their text from the first to the last paragraph; and it is always refreshing to observe this gift in a new writer. *Interval Ashore*, by Mr. Horton Giddy, is one of the most readable and exciting adventure-stories that I have read for some time. Mr. Giddy has made a close study of Hemingway's work—particularly, *A Farewell to Arms;* but, unlike the majority of Hemingway's followers, he has turned his borrowings to an interesting and individual use. The opening scene is laid in Odessa, where the tragi-comedy of Allied intervention is dragging to an ignominious close, and British destroyers, anchored in the harbour, are waiting to take on board the defeated and discredited remnants of the White army. The protagonist is a young English naval lieutenant. Through uncritical eyes, he looks out at the dim, alien, distressful city beyond the dockyard gates, hears the gunfire, watches the

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crowds gathering, gradually becomes infected with the feeling of anticipation and suspense that hangs over the snow-clad roofs of the town.

Mr. Giddy possesses a remarkable descriptive knack. His story opens in the atmosphere of the destroyer's wardroom—a little oasis of insular jocularity and facetious good-fellowship, inhabited by men whose function and principal virtue it is to "do their job," irrespective of what that job may happen to be, who distrust the Reds but are almost equally distrustful of the corrupt, shifty and incompetent White officers whom it is their duty to assist. Rendle receives the task of rounding up refugees from Odessa when the evacuation has begun. On his last assignment, he is cut off by Red partisans, involved in street-fighting, wounded and taken prisoner. Next, comes a long train journey amid conditions of appalling filth and discomfort. He escapes and, accompanied by a fellow prisoner—a girl who has been fighting in disguise among the White Cadets—struggles back to the comparative safety of the White lines. Thus summarised, the story may seem bald and, perhaps, unconvincing. What gives the novel its special interest is the uncommon objectivity with which the novelist has set to work; for, although Mr. Giddy manages to give a very clear impression of his protagonist's character, his descriptive touches are largely indirect; while the pictures of anarchy and civil war are all the more distinct because they are bounded by the vision of an extremely matter-of-fact, rather unimaginative, if very far from unintelligent, young man.

When I finished the book, I told myself that its basis must be autobiographical; and I was surprised to discover on the last page a note which informed me that the novelist had never been in South Russia or visited the coasts of the Black Sea; while "the characters and events in the story . . . are imaginary." It is possible that a reader equipped with an expert knowledge of the *terrain* may be able to pick out all kinds of inconsistencies and inaccuracies; and I can only say that, as judged by an uninstructed reader, *Interval Ashore* has a curious air of verisimilitude. I recommend it, then, both to lovers of a good adventure-story and to critics of the modern novel who despair of discovering a new novelist who can unfold an exciting straightforward narrative. Readers who still remember that brilliant Soviet novel, *Darkness and Dawn*, will be interested to see the conflict that supplied Alexei Tolstoi with some of his most memorable pages—the surge of civil war that swung to and fro between the Crimea and Turkestan, Whites against Reds, with bandits and vagrant Czech legionaries playing a lone hand—treated on a much smaller scale and from a very different and less ambitious point of view. Mr. Giddy is neither a Communist nor an anti-Communist. He writes simply and dispassionately; but his novel contains many episodes of which the memory persists long after the book itself has been put aside. The scrap of love story—presented somewhat in Hemingway's manner, with the same brevity but with considerably less brutality—makes a moving and pathetic addition to the central theme.

Interval Ashore is completely innocent of *parti pris*. *Ugly Brew* and *We in Captivity* are novels about Ireland, written with the kind of love-hatred that finds vent in so much modern Irish literature, from James Joyce to Liam O'Flaherty and smaller novelists. Mr. Wynne's hero signalises his departure from Ireland at the end of the last chapter "vomiting noisily into the sea. It was his farewell gesture." The book begins with a description of his miserable and oppressed childhood. It recounts how, just before the rising of 1916, he joins the Irish republican movement; how he has a short but bloody experience of barricade-fighting—one of Mr. Wynne's best chapters; how he enlists in the Free State army under Collins and takes part in the guerilla warfare between the Free State forces and the I.R.A. The book ends on a note of disillusionment. *We in Captivity* reaches the same conclusion, though by more devious and less dramatic means. Here again we have a hero who fights as a schoolboy in the Easter Week Rebellion, exchanges enthusiasm for doubt and doubt for despair; till complete divorce from Ireland seems the only expedient that can promise outward happiness or peace of spirit. Mr. Wynne's is decidedly the better book; *We in Captivity* is sentimental and rather ponderous.

The General is the portrait of a professional soldier. At their best, soldiers may be exceptionally intelligent, sensitive and fair-minded: at their worst, they are apt to combine extreme stupidity with a certain stiff rectitude and obstinate adherence to their own creed which, if antipathetic, at least compare not unfavourably with the spiritual after-effects of a political or commercial career. Mr. Forester is by no means an indulgent portraitist. First, he

shows us the dear old gentleman being trundled back and forth on Bournemouth promenade, while his devoted wife, Lady Emily, strides behind. Next, he traces Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert Curzon's life from the moment when he won a D.S.O., more or less accidentally, during the Boer War, through the Great War, which he enters as a fervent believer in the efficacy of mounted cavalry action. He shows him as an opportunist, climber, snob; yet he does not fail to pay tribute to the qualities of valour, self-sacrifice and perseverance that made him so efficient and successful an officer. "It might have been (observes Mr. Forester) . . . more advantageous for England if the British army had not been quite so full of men of high rank who were ready for responsibility, so unflinchingly devoted to their duty, so unmoved in the face of difficulties, of such unfaltering courage."

No Want of Meat, Sir! is a good collection of modern short stories. The ground covered is both interesting and extensive. Mr. H. E. Bates supplies an amusing tale—delightful in its own way, though not quite up to his usual high standard. Mr. Calder-Marshall's contribution, *A Pink Doll*, is one of the best stories in the book. Mr. Sean O'Faolain makes a welcome reappearance. On the whole, though, it is difficult to appreciate short stories in collections, since each requires a separate effort of mental adjustment and in every story the temperature is bound to change. Hurried from landscape to landscape and latitude to latitude, the reader's critical faculty soon loses its edge. PETER QUENNELL

NEW NOVELS—II

Duet for Female Voices. By SARAH CAMPION. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Forward From Youth. By L. A. PAVEY. *Grayson.* 7s. 6d.

Goose Cross. By HELEN FERGUSON. *Lane.* 8s. 6d.

The Ocean. By PAUL NIZOVOY. Translated by JOHN COURNOS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

Communion On Earth. By GODFREY WINN. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

There is nothing exciting about this batch, but *Duet for Female Voices* and *Forward From Youth* are novels which any quiet guest not exclusively addicted to American fiction would be pleased to find on the spare-room bed-table. Miss Campion's first novel, about an Englishwoman's experiences on the staff of an American girls' school, was entertaining and dryly humorous. *Duet For Female Voices* has a much wider scope, is more serious—though the author preserves her detachment on the subject of German politics—and rather inchoate. The plot is made up of two separate stories, and the fact that both heroines love the same man at different periods in his life has the effect of a thread arbitrarily drawn by the author to give a unity not inherent in her scheme. The paths of English Elsbeth and German-Jewish Anna cross several times, and by the end of the book they are friends; but the reader is not persuaded of any essential connection between them—they belong to two different novels which have somehow got jumbled up in Miss Campion's mind.

Elsbeth is an extremely well-imagined character—one of those cleverish, unattractive, self-conscious girls whose very obsession with love helps to prevent them inspiring it in either sex. The high-water mark of this portrait occurs in the penultimate chapter, where extracts from Elsbeth's diary contain some quite brilliant pages of tormented self-analysis. Such landscapes of the soul, bleak but not simple, are Miss Campion's *forte;* looking inwards, she is capable of precision and actuality in a very remarkable degree. It is in depicting the outward events and circumstances of Anna's and Elsbeth's lives that she fails, in exteriorising the aimless drift of women brought up to do nothing by cultured, delightful, selfish mothers. Even the dullest lives—even boredom itself—have an actuality in the living; and incidents, or their very absence, press upon even insensitive people; and neither Elsbeth nor Anna was insensitive. Yet because of Miss Campion's inability to focus clearly upon the outward aspects of existence, her heroines' lives pass in a haze. Everything is generalised, intellectualised; the functions of sense are ignored, so that not only is the novel (like its predecessor) devoid of physical atmosphere, but those parts of it which depend on the senses, and could become real only by means of scale-providing detail, have not been imagined at all. For instance, when Anna returns after the war to her rich Berlin home she is described as plunging half-willingly into the gay life. "Wilder and wilder grew the noise, the confetti and ticker tape dropped like rain; wine flowed, and whisky too, at fabulous prices." But we are given clearly to

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understand that Anna, still devoted to the frigid Paul, had nothing whatever to do with men, and she appears to have no girl friends; how then did she come by her alleged "fun"—by sitting alone in the cafés "with their painted perverts and harlots," watching the tape machine? And later, in London, her so-called junketing consists of solitary shop-gazing. This indifference to the life of the senses, and to the way in which people pass their time apart from what they think and feel, an indifference tinged with scorn where pleasure is concerned, is in a novelist a serious defect; it is this defect which makes *Duet For Female Voices* pervasively provincial, despite its international setting. Nevertheless, it is a book above the average in intelligence, and contains, as I have said, one brilliant chapter. Miss Campion goes on the list of writers for whom we seek in the spring and autumn publishing lists.

Mr. Pavey, the author of some distinguished short stories of the mercifully "pointless" kind, is interested in elusive situations and subtle effects. *Forward From Youth* sets out to be a psychological thriller. Brian Ferrands is found dead from exposure on a piece of waste land near a place to which business occasionally took him. Wantage, an ex-fellow officer of the escapist type devoted to sailing, and who disliked Ferrands because he was sociable and a success with women, becomes first unwillingly involved in settling up Ferrands' affairs, and then half-fascinated by trying to solve the mystery of his death. He observes a resemblance between the scene of the death, the waste land near a Mission where Ferrands taught boxing, and the scene of the battle in France where Ferrands got shell-shock. By talking to an ex-sergeant of their battalion, to Ferrands' mistress, to one of the Mission boys, and to a psychiatrist (not a very convincing specimen) he unearths the early, fleeting *amour* which shell-shock had caused Ferrands to forget, and which he was always trying to remember. The thread of Wantage's discoveries is interrupted now and then by a chapter giving the reveries of Ferrands' widow, which do not however contribute to the solution of the problem; and the book ends with a throw-back narration of Ferrands' encounter with his unknown, half-recognised illegitimate daughter, an incident directly contributing to his death.

This interesting plot has not got itself quite appropriately embodied—*Forward From Youth* has a slightly old-fashioned, too-simple air of being founded on a Dr. Rivers' pamphlet of the early psychoanalytic era. This is because the scheme entails a great deal of dialogue, which is *not* Mr. Pavey's strong point, and very little narrative, which is; and entails also that an important part in the mental sleuthing should be played by the mistress. Now Mr. Pavey is romantic about women, rather in the Galsworthy-Irene-Forsyte manner; he gives them a glamorous halo, which interferes with the quiet, sober reality of his main conceptions. The best of his short stories—and extremely good they are—are always about men. Thus *Forward From Youth* is noticeable as an experiment rather than as an achievement. I hope Mr. Pavey will quickly write another novel in which women are relegated strictly to the background—particularly since he is one of the few writers who treats male homosexuality in a sensible, matter-of-fact way, without a special tone of voice.

Miss Helen Ferguson once wrote a novel called *The Dark Sisters* under the influence of D. H. Lawrence—dominated, not by his philosophical notions, but by his admirable feeling for intense physical atmosphere; and a very readable, vivid novel it was. In *Goose Cross* she is as completely under the sway of John Cowper Powys; and he is, for her at least, a bad influence. Perhaps his view of things does not run with her own natural view; I suspect that a narrower canvas suits her much better. Here is the large Powysian canvas composed of persons of all classes, into many of whose thoughts we are admitted. Here are the intimations of evil, the insistence on queerness, the air of mystery about people, places and events, but which all end in nothing. Here are the many conversations, loving, patient, often laborious underlining of quite transient feelings, so that what is trivial looms as large as what is perhaps important; and here the Powysian cult of the fetish—Thomas Spender has an obsession about a china figure of Nelson. Only whereas in John Powys's novels a sensation of vastness is often created and sustained, in *Goose Cross* the pother remains unjustified. Powys does sometimes succeed in catching universal powers at work in human affairs—in *Jobber Skald* the sea, the coast, the storms, do enter into the pages as forces affecting the hidden lives of the persons, and some of the persons are of considerable interest, and described with penetration. But Miss Ferguson's characters remain unaffected not only by the hinted-at powers of evil, but also by their contact with each other, and they are not interesting people. Further, probability is flouted in order that the Powys convention of conversation-at-all-hours may be preserved, as when the young servant Tiny, despite her strong sense of her humble position, accosts her employers' friend Adam merely to ask him why he is sitting in the graveyard. It is a thousand pities that Miss Ferguson cannot brush all literary cobwebs from her eyes and perceive the world in her own way; for she is a practised writer, and I believe if she were denied access to all fiction for six months she might produce a novel which was worth reading.

The Ocean, moderately well translated from the Russian, is full of fascinating material. A man and wife settle by the Arctic sea, so remote from other human beings that when their first child is dying of scurvy the father has to drive his reindeer two hundred miles through blizzards in order to bargain with Lapps for garlic. There is fishing, seal-hunting, a sickening invasion by millions of lemmings who devour all the stores, a miscarriage, and many other trials and labours. But all is related flatly, without light and shade. This flatness may be of the right kind in the original—for, of course, there is, in prose as well as poetry, a glory of mere statement; but I am inclined to think that it is not the fault of translation—that the Russian author is deficient in a sense of values. *The Ocean*, then, is not to be read as a work of art, but as a storehouse of information, a chronicle of lives of action and hardship.

Communion on Earth is one of those lovely day-dreamy novels which you long for on certain afternoons in the sun or by the fire, as you long for chocolate-drops or curaçao. It is about a pair of exquisite twins, reared in a highly eccentric fashion, and adoring each other, of whom the boy becomes a successful dress-designer and the girl his mannequin. Juliet deserts her brother for a bearded painter, but he gets her back by means of a Freudian illness, and when next she leaves him it is for a landed gentleman, so that's all right; particularly as she does not love Brian so much as his house and his hunters. Like all twins in fiction—even, if I remember aright, Miss Margaret Kennedy's—these have a devoted elderly servant to keep them in order. In fact nothing, not even luscious descriptions of the clothes which Julian designs, is missing which the syrup addict has a right to expect; and who doesn't like syrup now and then?

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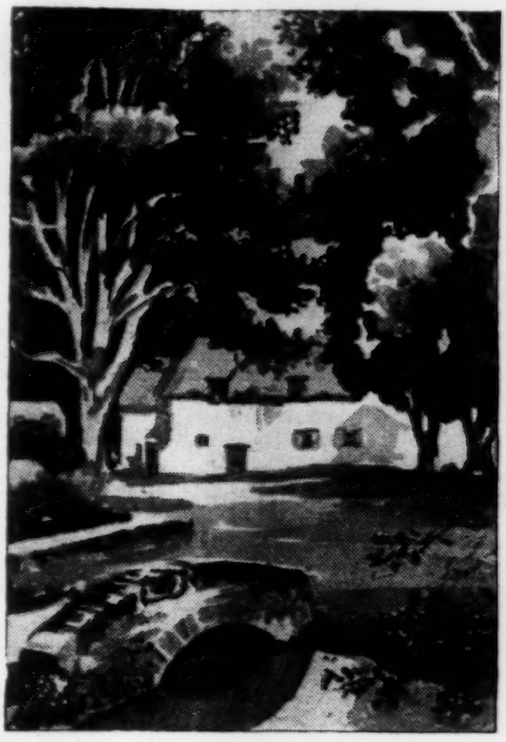

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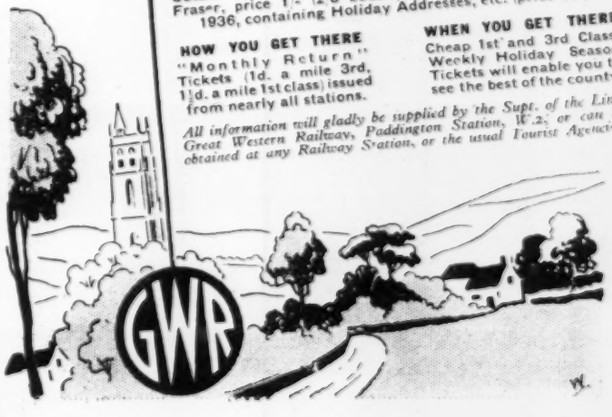

SHORTER NOTICES

Medical History of Contraception. By NORMAN E. HIMES. *Allen and Unwin.* 25s.

This erudite and bulky volume contains all that has so far been discovered about the practice of birth-control, from Egypt of the nineteenth century B.C. to the modern clinic. The methods of backward peoples, the rulings of Talmudic casuists, European folk-beliefs, the nineteenth century campaign to spread contraceptive knowledge, and statistical tables relating to the comparative popularity and effectiveness of the various methods now used—here is a monument of curious and valuable information. The author shows that all peoples have had the desire to prevent conception, though they have been able usually to resort only to ineffective magic. He ends by considering the present spread of contraception among the poorer classes in Western countries, and the probable future results. As a sociologist he welcomes the stabilisation of a population, and believes that contraception is an invaluable help to mankind in the struggle towards better conditions. He believes that the resistance to birth-control offered by Catholicism and Fascism will be ineffective, but he has nothing to say about the new population-policy of the U.S.S.R., which is offering large prizes to women who bear enormous families. A book important to sociologists, and highly informative to anyone interested in either the past or the future.

Why Keep Them Alive? By PAUL DE KRUIF. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Yellow journalism this book may be, but its first and last chapters pound out irresistible stories: the rest is an odd mixture of social credit, malnutrition, dust storms and the blinding flash with which Mr. de Kruif suddenly realised that, after all, poverty might have something to do with the ill-health and malnutrition of the submerged tenth. It is almost inconceivable that a man with so wide an experience of life should for so long have been unaware of the ravages of poverty; and, coming from a man who has been writing about medicine and science for so long, there is something almost nauseating about the naïveté with which he recounts his conversion to common sense. But for the last long chapter in this book there can be nothing but praise: it is as exciting a story as anything I have ever read. Its subject: the birth of the Dionne quintuplets, from the time when Dr. Dafoe, bending over the comatose mother, was heard by the nurse to say "Gosh!" when twins emerged into the world, and then, three times more, "Gosh!" until their miraculous lives were as safe as those of normal babies. Sentimentality has been poured over those babies as treacle might be poured over five suet rolls, but there is none in de Kruif's narrative. His "he-man" blustering outpour of words and his colloquial writing have made something as boisterous as Moby Dick out of this biological freak. Hardly less successful is the opening chapter in which he describes in abominable prose the discovery of the tannic acid cure for burning. That moving and gallant story of research he has been unable to spoil: it is too good a story for that. But then, of course, two swallows only are hardly enough to make a high-priced summer.

Freak Ships. By STANLEY ROGERS. *Lane.* 8s. 6d.

This entertaining book contains over a hundred illustrations which will tempt everyone who picks it up to read it. The author has collected accounts and drawings of the most extraordinary contrivances for travelling over water—most of them the product of the nineteenth century. Ships round and cigar-shaped, ships with fourteen masts, ships with internal paddle-wheels, and a ship built like a railway train of loosely coupled, detachable parts. Increase of speed and avoidance of sea-sickness are the motives which in most cases have begotten these fascinating monsters. The author has included recent experiments, such as the Rotor ship, the gyroscope stabiliser, and boats driven by air propellers.

Modern Contract and Duplicate. By RICHARD LEDERER. *Williams and Norgate.* 4s. 6d.

In this sequel to *Lederer Bids Two Clubs*, the author explains some slight changes he has made in his system as a result of recent experience. He also discusses the calling and play of a number of specimen hands. In the liveliest, because the most controversial, section of the book he compares the various other systems with his own, not to the disadvantage of the latter. Mr. Lederer writes very clearly and agreeably, without the ostentatious conceit which disfigures Mr. Culbertson's excellent books. And while skill and card-sense are admittedly more effective than the use of any particular system, he makes a strong case for the "Lederer Two Club," above all on account of its simplicity. From experience we agree that it is the most practical system, and this admirable book is the ideal present for one's partner.

The Pastoral Heritage of Britain: A Geographical Study. By E. H. CARRIER. *Christophers.* 10s. 6d.

Sheep-farmers and stock-raisers throughout the Empire will find Miss Carrier's historical and geographical study of our native flocks and herds as full as it is informative. The political economist will also find the book a mine of information on the origins, development, and value of our pastoral industry. Miss Carrier starts from the beginning and demonstrates how geographical conditions have affected the breeding of sheep and cattle from Roman times to the present day, and how changing demands have brought from time to time this or that breed to the fore. She concludes her survey with the story of the dissemination of British breeds throughout the world. A practical, instructive, and interesting book.

Folk-Lore of the Holy Land. By G. E. HANAUER. *Sheldon Press.* 10s. 6d.

This is a new and enlarged edition of Canon Hanauer's study of the folk-lore of Palestine first published nearly thirty years ago. The folk-lore collected is not that of the anthropologist, though much that is primitive lies embedded in the stories told. The stories themselves have generally a literary flavour and, even if never committed to writing, have been told so often by professional story-tellers that they lack the unsophisticated style and matter of the true folk tale. Their origins are mainly Moslem, Christian and Jewish, and many of them are founded upon the Bible or upon legends common to the three great monotheisms, though there is a fair sprinkling of the sheer fairy tale. The book will undoubtedly appeal to students of Biblical history and of the country in which the Jewish and Christian faiths arose.

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2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

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3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 323

Set by V. S. Pritchett

"Heard Melodies are Sweet," but those overheard are sweeter. Mr. L. A. G. Strong tells me that he once overheard one old lady saying to another outside a pub: "If I'd known then what I know now I wouldn't have weaned him."

The usual prizes are offered for some such fragment, long or very brief. It must have been genuinely overheard and need not be funny. It may indeed be tragic. The chief requirement is that it shall throw light on the mysterious manners and lives of people about us.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

Several competitors wrote and thanked me for setting a competition suitable for nit-wits, and the nit-wits must have made one of the largest musters that these competitions have seen! There were over 170 entries in all. The majority of them were at the prize-winning level. It is true that the reporting of overheard conversations does appeal to a certain snobbery in us, but on the whole, when the arched eyebrow has been lowered and the outrageous laughter has stopped there remains a genuine mystery and extraordinariness about most of the eavesdroppings. One realised how poor the dialogue of novels is when one reads these words hot from the speakers' mouths.

Here are some of the best of them:

After looking over a public school, a lady was heard saying to her husband, in the local teashop, "Yes, dear, this is quite pleasant, but don't forget that there's a very nice Fullers in Windsor, if we send him to Eton." (R. D. HODGSON.)

"Built your garage?" said the first voice.

"Yes. Oh—yes."

"Car go in?" (WALTER TAPLIN.)

"She say she knock our door in—but she never." (J. R. A. H.)

Any of the above are of the "good enough for *Punch*" kind, but occasionally one gets tragic or pathetic insight into people's lives:

Outside a cinema a placard displayed the words: Standing 6*d*. Seats 9*d*. An old woman with a loaded shopping basket considered the notice for a few minutes and then strode into the cinema, muttering: "Damn him, he'll have to have *one* egg for his tea." (V. L. CURRELL.)

Here an anonymous Strindberg woman speaks:

"Yes, it was suicide, you know. He always said he'd land us with the house and now he's done it." (MISS Z. V. CRAIES.)

This from Camden Town:

Jackie Coogan in *Trouble*. "Coo! That's like our Emma, ain't it, Auntie?" (L. V. UPWARD.)

There was a vast number which I had to classify as mysterious. They were like the beginnings of stories, tantalizing and never completed. One imagines the sensations of the eavesdropper when he speculated upon this. There is the familiar but still mysterious:

"'Ho!' I sez. 'So you've come back,' I sez. 'Yus,' 'e sez." (JOHN G. PATTISSON.)

The more startling:

"I 'ad two goes 'at 'er, for I couldn't kill 'er at first." (PYMONIE MOERAN.)

"I've never liked liquid soap since Walter's job." (RICHARD POMFRET.)

"So Mother threw one out of the window and gave the other to the butler who had good luck ever after." (J. O. H.)

A record of the Occult:

"When I got married, my dear, I had a sixteen-inch waist and now my husband takes size 16 in collars. How do you account for that?" (R. LEWIS.)

Another Strindberg line:

"I didn't get frightened until she woke me up and told me to let Charlie in. Charlie's been dead ten years. . . ." (W. LESLIE NICHOLLS.)

The Purist Peacemaker:

"But I tell you I didn't say 'Guttell,' I said 'Guddelth.'" (G. L.)

Sherlock Holmes:

"She's supposed to be his typist, but" (in a sinister whisper) "she's been seen carrying a hatbox about." (E. F.)

Anthropology:

"But why are they so much worse in Oxford?"

"Well, in the first place, there it's not only the dons." (KLEPTOMANIAC.)

Two young workmen discussing a girl:

"She was a pea!—painted, plucked and permed."

"And she'd been to the slaughter-house and dipped her fingers in the blood." (M. A.)

Tourism: before the Alcazar at Granada:

"I've got a shack in the Middle West that'd make this look like a humming-bird on toast."

Religion:

A Bishop overheard: "I always play golf in the mornings so as to keep my afternoons free for bridge." (G. T.)

"There must be a Gawd, I tells yer. Only last night I prayed that my little gal should not be taken from me, and this morning the bloke what was going to marry 'er got smashed up on his motor bike." (A. H. GODWIN.)

Peace:

Mother's reply to her son, who has expressed the wish to possess a box of toy soldiers: "You can't have those. You know your Dad's a pacifist. Why! He'd half kill you."

Conjugal solicitude:

Husband to Wife: "If I survive you, my dear, as I hope I may."

There were dozens more as good as these. The suggestive and obscene—it was pleasant to discover that an ear for the Rabelaisian is alive among our more genial clergy. There were three excellent stories from clergymen—scenes from domestic life, bêtises from concert hall and picture gallery, lamentations over the sink and public anger, were other well-filled categories. Funniness was not the only test. Any attempt to be just about prize winners was hopeless. I chose at random and decided to divide the prizes among twelve competitors. I hope the serious entries seem as "real" to others as they do to me.

The following are the arbitrary dozen: L. Munroe Clark, M. Craven, Iskender, G. I. Petty, "Glawster," R. G. Agate, Janet Cleeves, "Lynette," Paul G. Espinasse, "Lilliprip," P. H. Wallace, George T. Hay.

No. 1

Overheard in plumber's shop:

Man. "How much are those fancy lavatory chain handles? Six-and-six? It's a lot of money. But I'll take it. Can't stint the wife's birthday present." L. MUNROE CLARK

No. 2

Overheard at a dinner-party:

Gentleman Guest. "The pretty girl I took in to dinner is not particularly intelligent. I told her my grandfather was killed at Waterloo, and she said: 'Oh, I'm so sorry—which platform was he on?'"

Elderly Hostess. "How silly of her—as if it mattered which platform it was." M. CRAVEN

No. 3

As my father and I stopped for lunch at the inn at Lechlade, we noticed a farmer and a police inspector in conversation under its windows. To our table drifted up fragments of their talk, apparently about some local character. The farmer, it seemed, was telling the story, and the inspector only interrupted with an occasional mumble or exclamation. Here is all we caught:

"He hardly takes any food now . . . no, not a bite of food. . . .

"And he sits in his cold bath for an hour and a half and two hours on end. . . ."

"Two hours on end! . . ."

"And they say—they say he's turning his face toward the Roman Catholic religion. . . ." ISKENDER

No. 4

I was waiting in my car in the slums of Leeds (Ivory Street) when two women, one of them carrying a jug of beer, met and stopped for a moment in order to exchange the following remarks:

Jugless One. "I dunno 'ow you go on; you always seem all right and clean, and your kids look all right."

She with the Beer. "Oh, not so bad—we just earn a bit, spend a bit, and owe a bit."

On another occasion I overheard the following scrap between two very poorly clad women:

"Well, w'y didn't yer ask 'im for yer money?"

"Ah, I couldn't get any sense out of the silly bugger; all he kept on saying was, 'Kch! Tha' knows!'" G. I. PETTY

No. 5

Overheard: two ladies discussing a third:

"'Ow I 'ates that 'oman! Whenever I passes 'er I skruffles me feet." "GLAWSTER"

No. 6

At the Red Lion in Cheam two women were discussing the marriage of a friend when one of them was overheard to say:

"And her mother was going to give them the household linen, my dear, but when she heard they were having twin beds she gave a refrigerator instead." R. G. AGATE

No. 7

Overheard in a bus:

Stout Lady (reading, with difficulty, a poster). "One woman alone against 50,000 fighting for her love and her man." A pause, then: "Pore thing! the Lady Houston, I s'pose." JANET CLEEVES

No. 8

Two elderly village women, travelling together in a bus, passed the time in conversation. At the first halt one alighted and, turning to the other, said, humbly: "Thank you for speaking to me." "LYNETTE"

No. 9

The road is up. Motor lorries move slowly in every direction, their engines roaring. Pneumatic drills threaten to tear the world in pieces.

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As I pass a gang of half a dozen navvies loading broken concrete on to a lorry the noises die by chance and there is a moment of incredible silence; on it is borne the voice of one of the six, to whom the others are listening gravely. He is finishing a sentence. The words I catch are: "... and he left the whole of it to his nephew, the present Earl Howe." PAUL G. ESPINASSE

No. 10

As I passed them in a country lane, I overheard a stout, red-faced man say to the women with him: "... but o' course I shouldn't 'ave wrote 'im such a funny letter for 'is birthday, if I'd knowed 'e was *dead*. . . ." "LILLIPRIP"

No. 11

SCENE: Gloucester Road Tube Station.

TIME: Christmas evening, 1935, 11.15 p.m.

Little Man (to his Wife). "... and I kept pressing her and pressing her to have a bit, and she just sat there and said, 'Thou shalt not kill.'" P. H. WALLACE

No. 12

I was sheltering in a captured German machine-gun emplacement near Zonnebeke one dark, wet night in September, 1917, when a shell-splinter whizzed through a slit and struck a young Argyll, who was standing beside me, full in the face. The poor lad collapsed in a heap with the cry: "Oh, Daddy, I'm killed, too!" GEORGE T. HAY

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 180.—THE LEAGUE OF TRADESMEN

By T. NAISBY

[*A second example selected from the entries for my "Football League" Problem Competition.*]

If the Tradesmen's League Championship had been decided on goal average, my brother Ted's team (the Undertakers) would have been at the head of the table. But it was decided on points (two points for a win, one point for a draw) and they came out sixth and last. Each team played the others once, and the Undertakers, in their first match, recorded a smashing victory against the Fishmongers, who failed to score in the game. Ted scored seven that day, but neither he nor his team gained much further glory. Still, their goal average was over 2. Each of the other teams had an adverse goal average, and no two goal averages were the same. That of the Butchers, for instance, was .75, and the Grocers, who had six points, had a goal average of .8. The Plumbers' goal average was rather better than the Painters'.

Thirty-six goals were scored in all; the Undertakers got a quarter of them. No team scored more goals, though the League Champions scored as many. No two others scored the same total number of goals.

The Fishmongers beat the Grocers, the Plumbers and the Butchers by 3—0, 4—1 and 1—0, respectively, and drew one game. The Painters drew with both the Grocers and the Butchers. The match between the latter two teams was drawn, and each of these two teams had another drawn match. Apart from the Painters, the Grocers, and the Butchers, no team drew more than one, though each drew one. There were no 2—1 victories.

What was the result of the match, Painters *v.* Plumbers?

[NOTE.—By "goal average" is meant the number of goals that a team scores divided by the number scored against it. By "adverse goal average" is meant that a team had more goals scored against it than it scored itself, i.e., that when the goals for are divided by the goals against, the result is less than unity.]

PROBLEM 178.—PUNTERVILLE RACES

On the tenth race, Mr. Punter loses and Mrs. Punter wins.

A solution compatible with the data is only possible where Mrs. Punter backs four winners, losing the other six races consecutively, while Punter backs two winners, with losing runs of two races, five races, and one single race (the last).

In these circumstances, Mrs. Punter receives £105 and pays £20, and Punter receives £75 + £15 + £5, and pays out £10.

Net balance in each case: £85.

PROBLEM 177.—TOMMY'S RACE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Harry Broadbent, Upgang Lane, Whitby.

Six points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

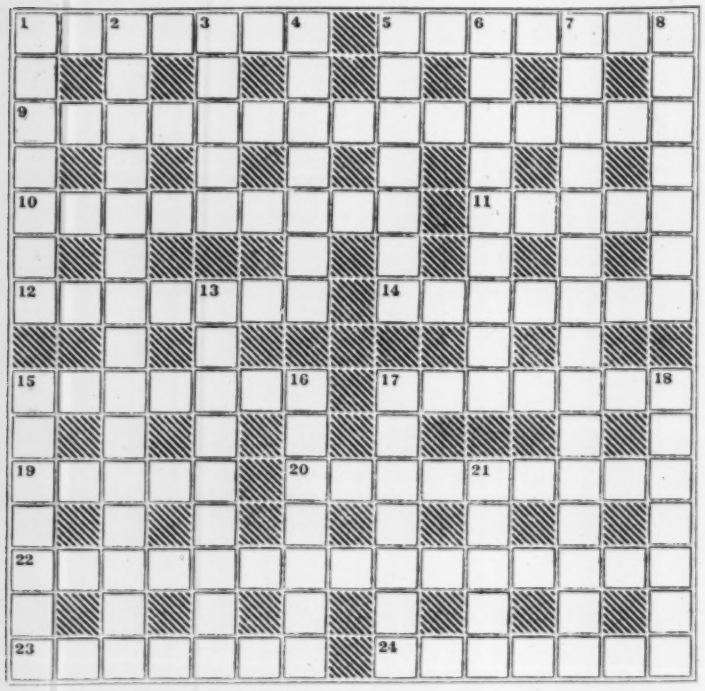
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 326

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
A. L. Symonds, 8 Tremena Road, St. Austell, Cornwall

ACROSS.

1. A lot of noise about a bust up.
5. An odd pace for a many-footed creature.
9. Describes the rush hour in newspaper offices.
10. Not a nursery for Black Sea birds.
11. She would pat its back.
12. It takes enough to do it.
14. Golfers' chauffeurs?
15. Describes the ammunition of the pea-shooter.
17. Uriah's wife by analogy.
19. Where to learn monkey tricks.
20. State of those who are booked for the next war?
22. Centre of nursery roundabout.
23. Powerful heraldic sign.
24. Front ways on the coast.

DOWN.

1. How the Scot draws to get rid of his ancient ally?
2. Sort of vessel that prefers to run aground on sand banks.
3. Emma's friend who found it difficult to limit herself to three remarks at once.
4. Female retiring place.
5. It's put in a deed.
6. Inexpensive swagger.
7. How entertainers get money in circulation.
8. Sets the spirit free.
13. A teashop girl.
15. How mountaineers begin to climb and cars to run.
16. How footballers hark back to babyhood.
17. Does this ornament produce a falling off of hearing?
18. These trees do not grow on the shore.
21. As this talker tests the metal.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

G	O	O	D	S	H	O	T	■	P	R	E	S	T	O
A	■	I	■	I	■	U	■	■	■	A	■	A	■	L
D	E	L	I	G	H	T	S	■	D	I	L	U	T	E
G	■	C	■	H	■	P	■	■	■	N	■	C	■	A
E	R	A	S	T	I	A	N	■	A	B	B	E	S	S
T	■	N	■	S	■	T	■	F	■	O	■	P	■	T
■	■	■	■	■	P	I	L	L	O	W	C	A	S	E
A	■	B	■	C	■	E	■	O	■	S	■	N	■	R
C	U	R	T	A	I	N	R	O	D	■	■	■	■	■
C	■	E	■	R	■	T	■	R	■	B	■	P	■	C
O	B	E	R	O	N	■	A	C	R	O	L	I	T	H
L	■	C	■	L	■	■	L	■	P	■	R	■	A	
A	S	H	P	I	T	■	N	O	S	E	G	A	Y	S
D	■	E	■	N	■	■	T	■	E	■	T	■	E	
E	A	S	T	E	R	■	S	H	E	P	H	E	R	D

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

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ALHAMBRA, Russian Ballet. Wed. & Sat.

APOLLO. The Fugitives. Wed., Sat.

DRURY LANE. Rise and Shine. Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Thurs. & Sat.

GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Thurs.

HIPPODROME. Please Teacher! Th., Sat.

PHOENIX. "To-night at 8.30." Tues., Th.

PLAYHOUSE. My Son's My Son—." W., Fri.

QUEEN'S. Love from a Stranger. W. & Sat.

ROYALTY. Winter Sunshine. Thurs.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' W., Th., S.

SAVOY. Lady Precious Stream. M., Th., S.

SHAFTESBURY. Boy Meets Girl. W., Th.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
SEEN BY OVER 650,000 PLAYGOERS.

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. Whi. 2525.
EVGS. at 8.30. MATS., WEDS. & SATS., at 2.30.
BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO.
Creations of MICHEL FOKINE personally directed.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES. By Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.25 & 9.
IVOR NOVELLO'S
ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY,
GLAMOROUS NIGHT.
Popular Prices, 2s. to 8s. 9d. inc. Tax.

DRURY LANE. Temple Bar 7171.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
RISE AND SHINE.
BINNIE HALE. JACK WHITING.

DUCHESS. 8.30, Th., Sat., 2.30. LAST 3 WKS.
EMYLN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GARRICK. (Tem. 8713.) 8.30. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.
SARA ALLGOOD. ROGER LIVESEY.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and THURS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
EVGS. at 8.15. Mats., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER!"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.)
Commencing THURS., June 11,
SYBIL THORNDIKE in
KIND LADY
with Robert Douglas.

PHOENIX. EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Tues., Thur., 2.30.
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. NOEL COWARD.
"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30."
Three Plays by Noel Coward.

PLAYHOUSE. Whitehall 7774.
EVGS., at 8.45. Mats., Wed., Fri., 2.45.
D. H. LAWRENCE'S Recently Discovered Play,
"MY SON'S MY SON—."

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Ave. Ger. 4517.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WEDS. & SATS., 2.30.
MARIE NEY, FRANK VOSPER in
LOVE FROM A STRANGER.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331). TUESDAY NEXT, 8.15.
(Subsequently 8.30). Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
WINTER SUNSHINE.
NICHOLAS HANNEN. ATHENE SEYLER.

ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thur. & Sat., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

SAVOY. (Temple 8888.)
Evgs., 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (2nd Year.)
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM
ESME PERCY. THEA HOLME. CLIFFORD BARTLETT.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. 8.30. W., Th., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER presents
BOY MEETS GIRL.
New Comedy by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
Farce by Vernon Sylvaine. Staged by Leslie Henson.

VAUDEVILLE. (Temple Bar 4871.)
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. and THURS., 2.30.
GREEN WATERS.
Sebastian Shaw, Gillian Lind, Morland Graham,
Wilfrid Walter, Marie Ault, Henry Hepworth.

WESTMINSTER, S.W.1. (Vic. 0283). 8/6 to 1/6.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
THE EMPEROR OF MAKE-BELIEVE.
By Madge Pemberton & Malcolm Morley.
HELENA PICKARD. ERNEST THESIGER.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2081.
The Swiss Psychological drama,
"DIE EWIGE MASKE"
(The Eternal Mask) (A).
A striking study in psycho-analysis.

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MODERN FILMS, including SACHA GUITRY in
'BONNE CHANCE' (U) & 'NIGHT MAIL' (U).

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3 Shows Daily, 2.30, 5.30, 8.30. Suns. at 6.0 & 8.30.
HANS FEHER in
"THE ROBBER SYMPHONY." (U).
The first 'Composed' film. Book now, 1s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.

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REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Nightly at 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Short Story. By Robert Morley.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evenings 7.45. Saturday 2.30.
Storm in a Teacup. By James Bridie.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings 7.30.
Once Bitten—Twice Shy.
By Armitage Owen.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Dusty Ermine. By Neil Grant.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

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ONE-ROOM Flatlet to let furnished near Lincoln's Inn. Bath, electric cooker, 3 months July onwards, 30s. per week. Box 206, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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